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SAVAGE TALES

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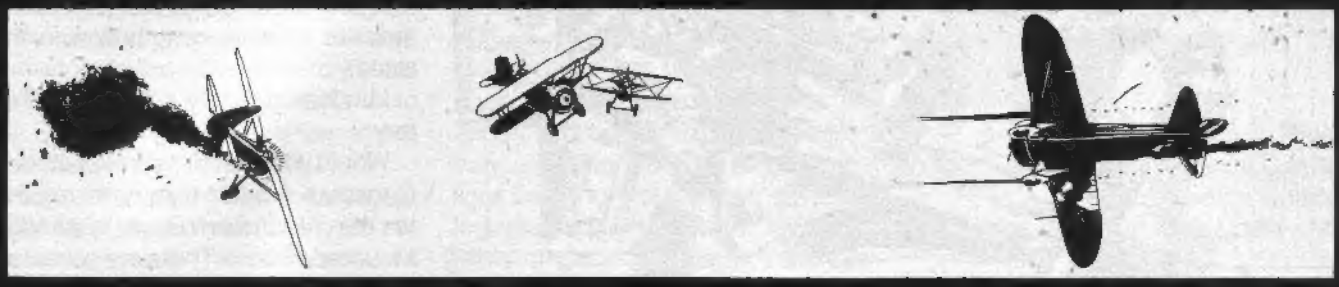

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Hey, boys!

Just finished SAVAGE TALES #1. You got quite the entertainment here, Larry: real bizarre stories, captivating artwork, mind-blowing ideas, and good expressions by those getting torn to bits by flying chunks of hot lead. To put it bluntly, I like blood and guts, and you put them both right in the palm of my hand.

Oh. By the way, tell Golden I think he's all right. The cover really caught my eye! *Nice* shovelhead, Mike! I sure do like those machines. I also like a fightin' man who rides a hawg. More power to ya, Golden, an' keep the F.T.W. in your spirit! You got any tattoos, mad dog biker?

Anyway, boys, if ya carry on with what you're doin', ya got a reader out here. I liked what ya put out in #1, an' I'll be lookin' for #2. You wouldn't believe how boring it can get out here in the desert, listenin' to Frank Zappa and Janis Joplin. (Yep. Even *that* can get old.) SAVAGE TALES was a good break from routine.

Keep it up, or I'll mercilessly slay every last one of you babblin' idiots.

J. Frye
Arizona

P.S. Who's Schoepenhauer, anyway?

Dear Mr. Hama,

I picked up an issue of SAVAGE TALES at my local comics store a few days ago. In it, you asked for letters of comment, so I thought I'd write you one.

The first impressive thing in SAVAGE TALES #1 was the economy of storytelling in all of the contributions. All of the individual panels on each page in each story add to the whole. Very little to no waste. This is very refreshing.

In the conventional, super/sf comics, characters are always so long-winded, and fill up useless panels.

Not so in stories like "Avenger" and 'Blood and Gutz." The characters in "Across the Rio Grande" were more talkative, but not as much as they would be if they had been characters in the X-Men. This makes for a more relaxing time.

I was all prepared to hate "5th to the 1st" because Vietnam is not a popular subject with me. While the story didn't exactly contain the most original plot I've ever seen, I can't say that it was offensive. Mike Golden's art was fine, especially on the characters' faces on the first two pages.

"The Skywarriors" was good, but I can't honestly say that it was all that hot either. Trimpe's art was nice and moody.

One area where SAVAGE TALES #1 really loses points was on the cover. I really feel that it was pointless, and much too garish. I know a front cover is meant to catch the eye, but this cover beats my poor eye to death!

I've been an admirer of John Severin's artwork for some time, and it was great to see his contribution in this issue.

I understand he's a student of history.

Would you know if he's ever studied Canadian frontier history, in regards to the Northwest/Royal Canadian Mounted Police? There are some *real* tough stories in their history that would make excellent graphic stories for SAVAGE TALES. The only problem is that in a lot of the Mounted Police stories, white Americans are the bad guys. That would probably blow any chance to see those stories in SAVAGE TALES, which must depict Americans as the good guys, right? Sigh . . .

Too bad there's such a difference between our historical cultures. You Americans are missing out on some very exciting Canadian frontier stories.

Well, all in all, I enjoyed the first issue of SAVAGE TALES. I would like to see more Will Jungkuntz art in the future issues.

Thank you,
Harland Ronning
Saskatoon, Sask.

Nope.

Hey, you snivelin', cowerin', cringin', excuses for writers and artists!

I just have a few things to say about your stinkin' magazine:

ABSOLUTELY STUPENDOUS!!!!!
MINDWRENCHING!!!!!
GUT-TEARING!!!!
RIVETING ACTION!!!
A DOWNRIGHT HISTORICAL CLASSIC!

Well, you misbegotten savages, I've decided to change my opinion about you. So, until Blood and Gutz become flower children—

Make Mine Marvel!
Travis H.

Dear Larry,

Recently, I purchased a copy of Marvel's new magazine, SAVAGE TALES. This comic holds a number of firsts for me. It is the first time that I have read a Marvel comic (of any nature) for over two years; it is also the first comic that has prompted me to write a letter of comment to any American publisher.

Going by the theory that predominantly red and yellow covers sell well, you should wind up with healthy sales for the first issue. Which is as it should be; SAVAGE TALES deserves to sell well. Here's why I think so.

Some time ago, I became increasingly disillusioned with many of the American comic magazines that I was reading. Call it a sign of maturity, call it what you will, but I became bored with countless, repetitive battles between gaudily-colored pieces of underwear. (This didn't apply exclusively to Marvel—don't panic!) This being the case, I looked to other, more experimental titles, and to creating my own characters and stories for comic stories. I found myself preferring a more realistic approach to tales based on more realistic situations.

Then I was shown SAVAGE TALES #1 by a friend. At first, I dismissed it as being merely another exploitative comic, pandering to the mercenary/biker crowd. This may still be the case, but it didn't stop me from thoroughly enjoying it. Great stories, sizzling artwork, just something completely different! I won't go into the reasons at any great depth (no philosophy here, right?), but you can be sure that SAVAGE TALES will receive a hearty recommendation through the column that I write for a local fanzine.

You have all provided me with something refreshing, and for that, I thank you all. Enough of this mindless praise, I'd best go now. Bye . . .

Kevin Patrick
Victoria, Australia

P.S. What the heck happened? Herb Trimpe's artwork has improved beyond belief! Also, I love your two mascots! Real "girl-next-door" types, aren't they?

Savages,

I've been an avid reader of adult-oriented comics for little over two years; I feel compelled to write to you and fill your ears with rabid praise.

I was really impressed with issue number one of SAVAGE TALES. From my first look at the cover, I knew I was going to get along with this new magazine. Inside I was not disappointed. The first story, "5th to the 1st" was realistic, well-written, and Golden's art was fantastic; "Skywarriors" was very good, as was "Avenger"; "Blood and Gutz" makes a very amusing piece of fluff to add a light break to the carnage. I was not impressed, however, with "Across the Rio Grande"—at best, I loathe cowboy comics, no matter how historically accurate. *Please* don't waste space with it any more!

In total, however, I think this concept is the only decent thing to come out of the presses of Marvel in a lo-ong time. I really thought the violence was superior as violence goes. (I noticed that there isn't a Comics Code Authority stamp on the cover!) The cover was a great piece of comic art; Golden's interpretation of a coupl'a chicks out on the town in their chrome Harley was spoiled only by the yellow guy in his underwear. Minus the mutant strapped to the bike and the cover would make a hell of a poster. Keep it up.

'Til two more months,
Leland Distad
Ontario, Canada

Dear Larry,

Where have you been? I've been waiting for a comic book to finally stand up and yell at the world "I'm tired of this sissy stuff," then get out there and draw what made this country what it is today. Someone not afraid to show the blood, the guts, the girls, and everything else that has to do with that. Also, someone that won't say sorry afterwards, but give the world a dirty look and think up something even more nasty.

James Stokebrand
Nebraska

P.S. I enjoyed the first issue.

Dear Savage People,

Despite the really lurid cover, I bought SAVAGE TALES #1, and you know, I really enjoyed it. Integrated into each (you'll pardon the expression) two-fisted tale was some classy storytelling, artistic meaning, and even humor. Yup, I enjoyed the *comic*. The consensus is that Larry Hama is a [vernacular for genitalia]. I mean *really*. "What kind of jerk reads a comic book for philosophy?" "Xin-loi"?

Grow up, Larry.

Dainis Kaulenas
Moondance Comics
Hampshire Mall
Hadley, MA

I am grown up. That's why I don't live in a comic book store.

Dear Sirs:

What a debut! SAVAGE TALES is a break from the fantasy, medieval-type magazines that populate the shelves today. Don't get me wrong, though. Most of those are good, but come on! Where have you all been hiding? SAVAGE TALES' tastefully done stories, some with a twist of futurism and intrigue, are just what the adventurous types out in the public need. I feel that you have a good jump on the market with this magazine. Whether you publish it for one year or ten years, I'll be with your. However, I must say thanks, guys. Now I'll have to dream up some new storage space to make room for all these great mags that you're putting out! Once again, keep the adventure strong and the violence up. Oh, by the way, what's so crazy about EOD? I for one would jump at the chance to join!!

Dennis Greenwald
United States Air Force
Tampa, FLA

SAVAGE TALES c/o
Marvel Comics
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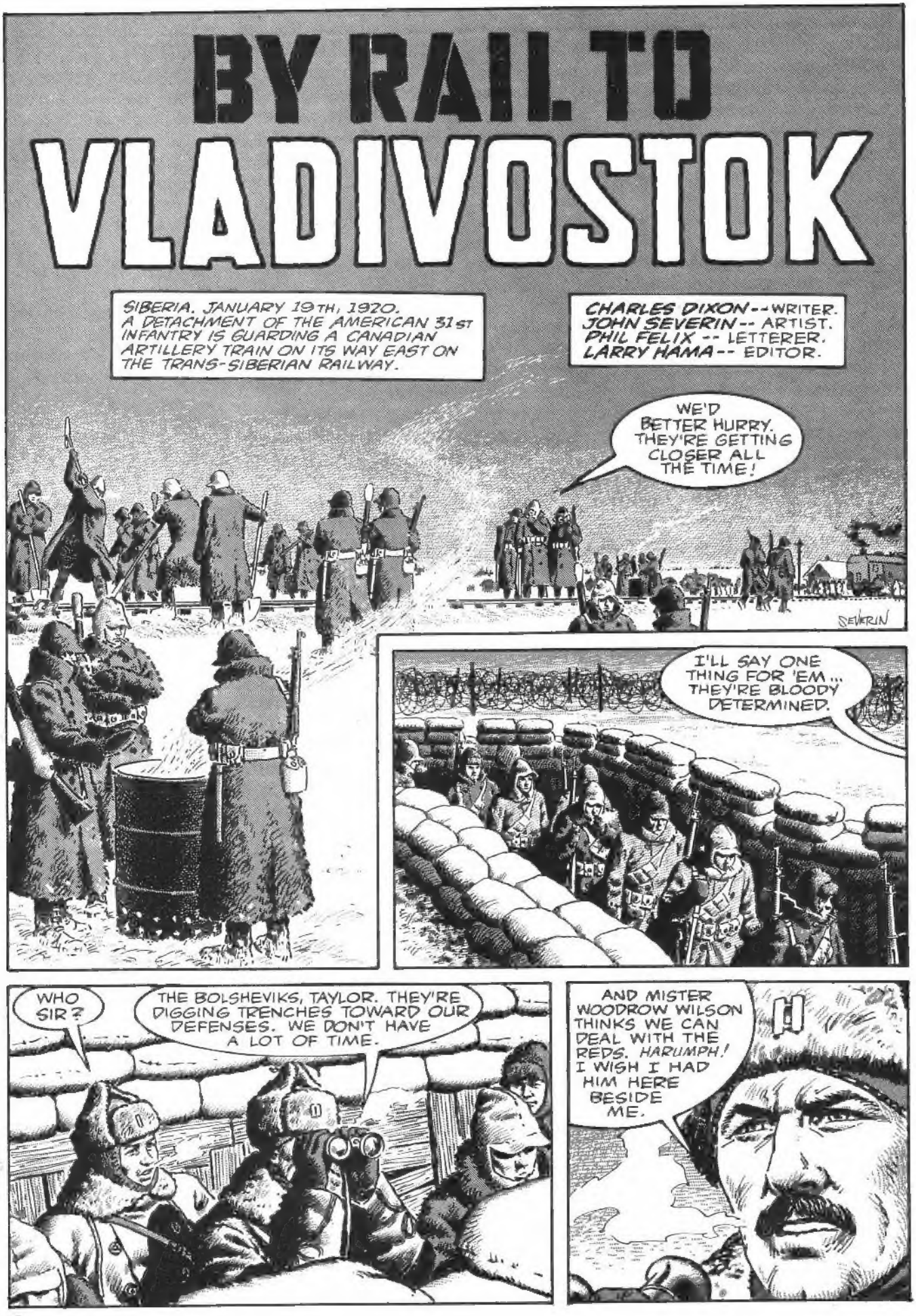
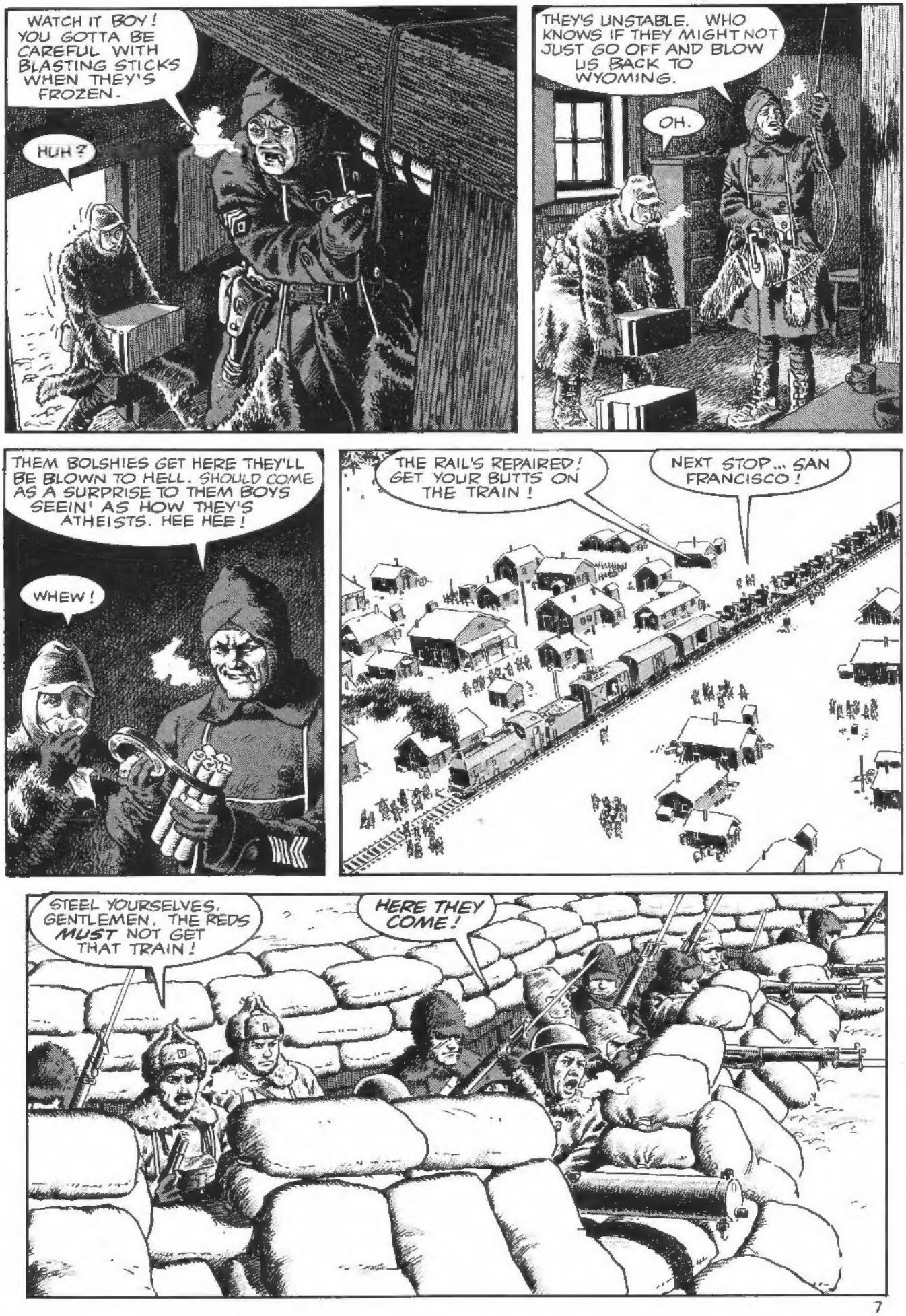
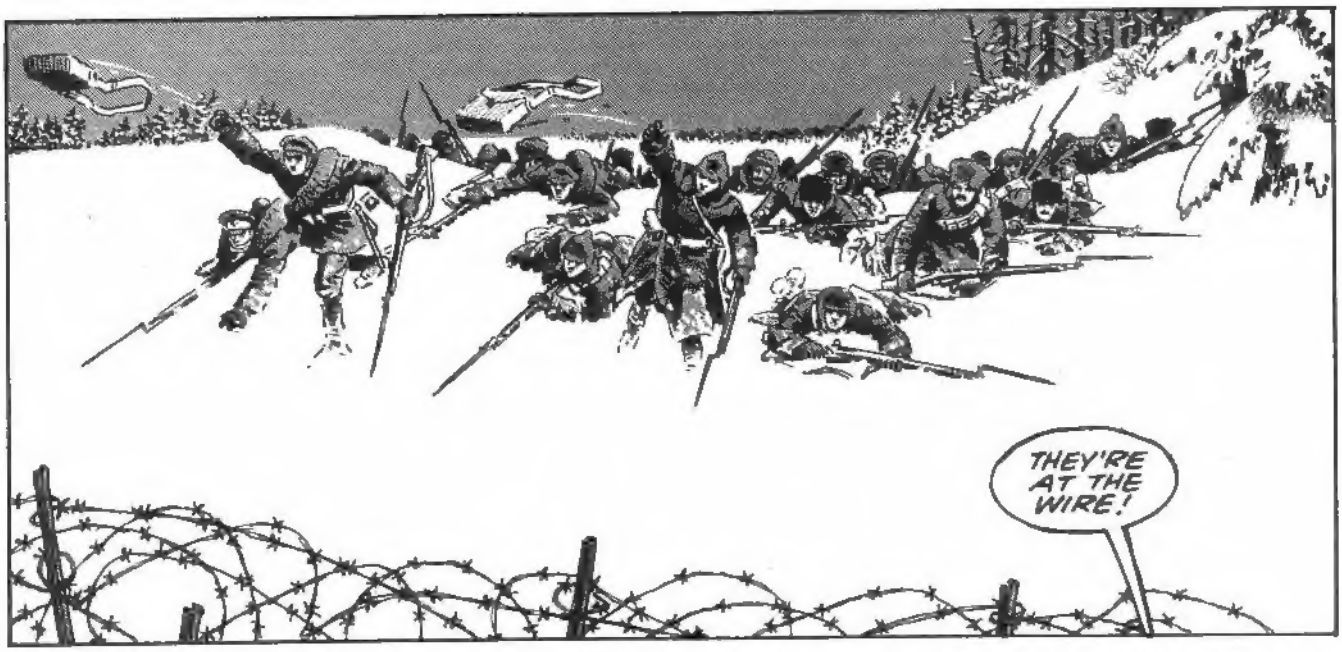
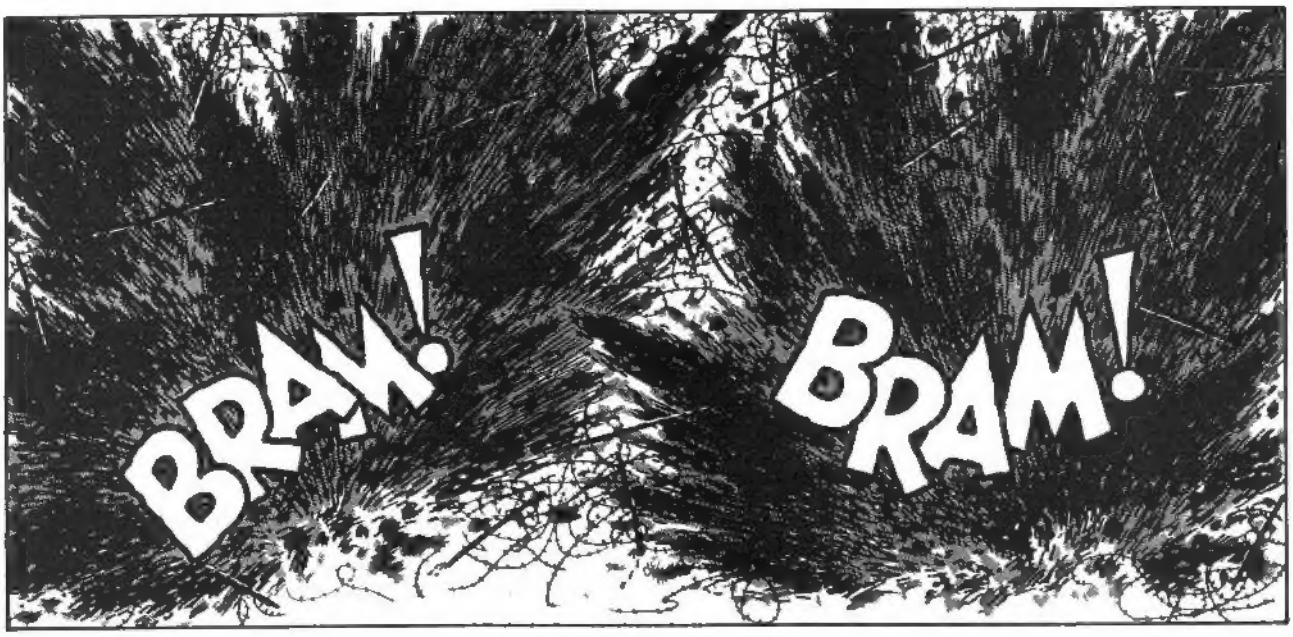
New York City, NY 10016

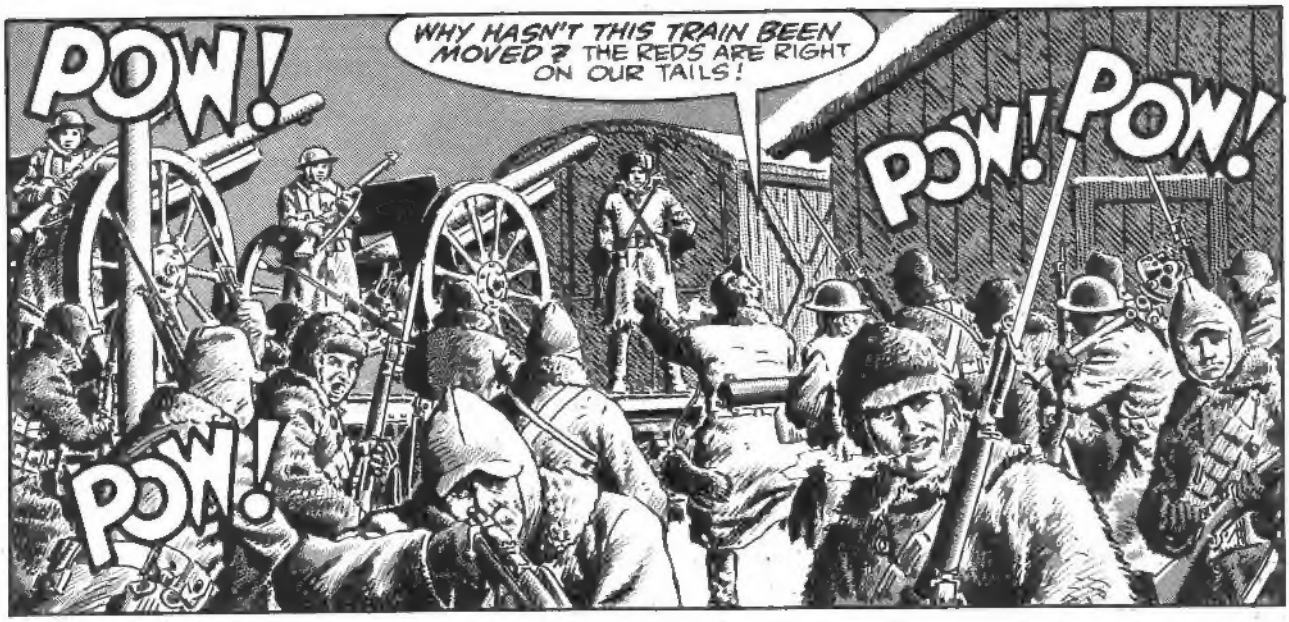

BY RAIL TO VLADIVOSTOK
SIBERIA. JANUARY 19TH, 1920. A DETACHMENT OF THE AMERICAN 31ST INFANTRY IS GUARDING A CANADIAN ARTILLERY TRAIN ON ITS WAY EAST ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.
CHARLES DIXON -- WRITER.
JOHN SEVERIN -- ARTIST.
PHIL FELIX -- LETTERER.
LARRY HAMA -- EDITOR.
WE'D BETTER HURRY. THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER ALL THE TIME!
SEVERIN
I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR 'EM... THEY'RE BLOODY DETERMINED.
WHO SIR?
THE BOLSHEVIKS, TAYLOR. THEY'RE DIGGING TRENCHES TOWARD OUR DEFENSES. WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME.
AND MISTER WOODROW WILSON THINKS WE CAN DEAL WITH THE REDS. HARUMPH! I WISH I HAD HIM HERE BESIDE ME.


WATCH IT BOY! YOU GOTTA BE CAREFUL WITH BLASTING STICKS WHEN THEY'S FROZEN.
HUH?
THEY'S UNSTABLE. WHO KNOWS IF THEY MIGHT NOT JUST GO OFF AND BLOW US BACK TO WYOMING.
OH.
THEM BOLSHIES GET HERE THEY'LL BE BLOWN TO HELL. SHOULD COME AS A SURPRISE TO THEM BOYS SEEIN' AS HOW THEY'S ATHEISTS. HEE HEE!
WHEW!
THE RAIL'S REPAIRED! GET YOUR BUTTS ON THE TRAIN!
NEXT STOP... SAN FRANCISCO!
STEEL YOURSELVES, GENTLEMEN. THE REDS MUST NOT GET THAT TRAIN!
HERE THEY COME!


THEY'RE AT THE WIRE!


BRAM!
BRAM!

MAKE 'EM COUNT, BOYS!
POW!
KRAK!
KRAK!
POW!
POW!
BRATTATTATTATTATT
CRAZY BOLSHIES!
POW!
AGHK!
POW!
POW!
POW!
BACK TO THE STATION, MEN! THERE'S TOO MANY OF 'EM!
YOU HEARD HIM! FALL BACK!
POW!
P-POW!
POW-POW!
POW!
P-POW!
POW!
WE'LL CONCENTRATE OUR DEFENSES CLOSER TO THE RAILWAY!


POW!
WHY HASN'T THIS TRAIN BEEN MOVED? THE REDS ARE RIGHT ON OUR TAILS!
POW! POW!
POW!

WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU YANKS. CAN'T VERY WELL LEAVE YOU BEHIND.
THAT'S CONSIDERATE OF YOU.

BUT THE REDS ARE GOING TO SHOW UP SOON AND THERE'S ALL THIS COVER AROUND. TURN THOSE GUNS TOWARD THE TOWN AND CLEAR SOME SPACE!
POINT BLANK?

YES, POINT BLANK. CONCENTRATE YOUR FIRE RIGHT INTO THEM. I DON'T HAVE TIME TO ARGUE!

THAT'S IT. POINT IT JUST LIKE A SIX-SHOOTER! THE SHELLS WILL GO OFF WHEN THEY HIT SOMETHING!
HERE THEY COME!

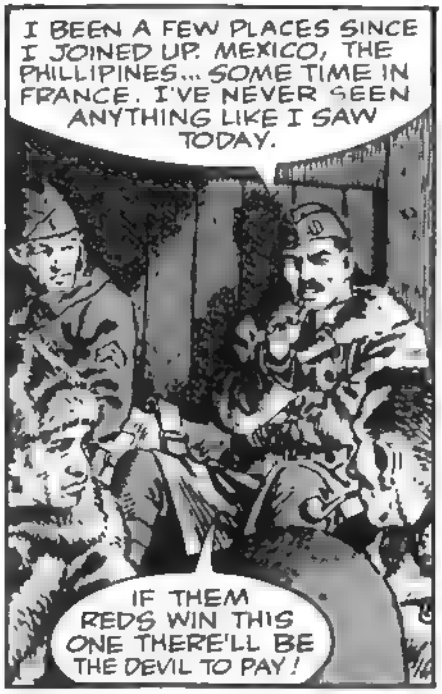
POW! POW!
POW! POW! P-POW!
FIRE... NOW!
BRATTA-TATTA-TATTA-TA
WHOMP!
WHOMP!
WHRAMM!
BUHRAMMM!

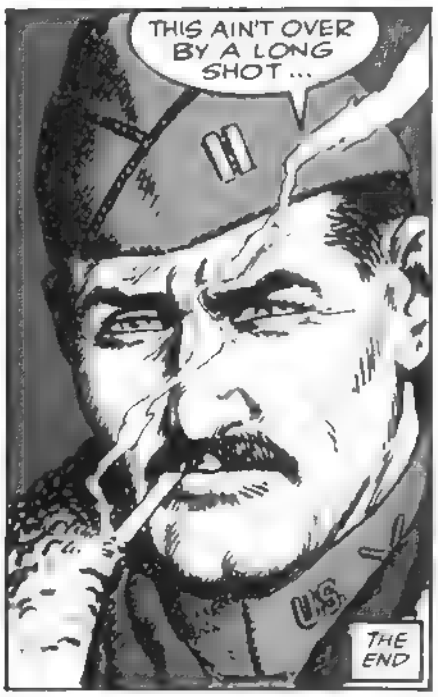
C'MON BOY! TRAINS LEAVIN'! THIS WHOLE PLACE'LL BE NOTHIN' BUT A GREASY SPOT IN A MINUTE!
TWEEEEE
BRATTAT!
BRATTA-TAT-TAT!
HURRY UP SARGE!
THOK!
THEM BOLSHIES CATCH YOU THEY'LL CARVE YOU UP LIKE A CHRIST-MAS TURKEY!
KRAK!
LOOK AT 'EM! THEY WANT THIS TRAIN WORSE'N I WANT A HOT BATH!
POW!
POW!
POW!
POW!
KRAK!
WELL, SARGE, DID YOU FINISH YOUR WORK BEFORE WE HAD TO GET OUT OF THERE?
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR. IF MY CALCULATIONS IS RIGHT WE SHOULD BE SEEING SOME-THING RIGHT...
POW! KRAK! POW! POW!
"...NOW"
B-BLAM!
BLAM!
WHAM!
BLAM! BLAM!

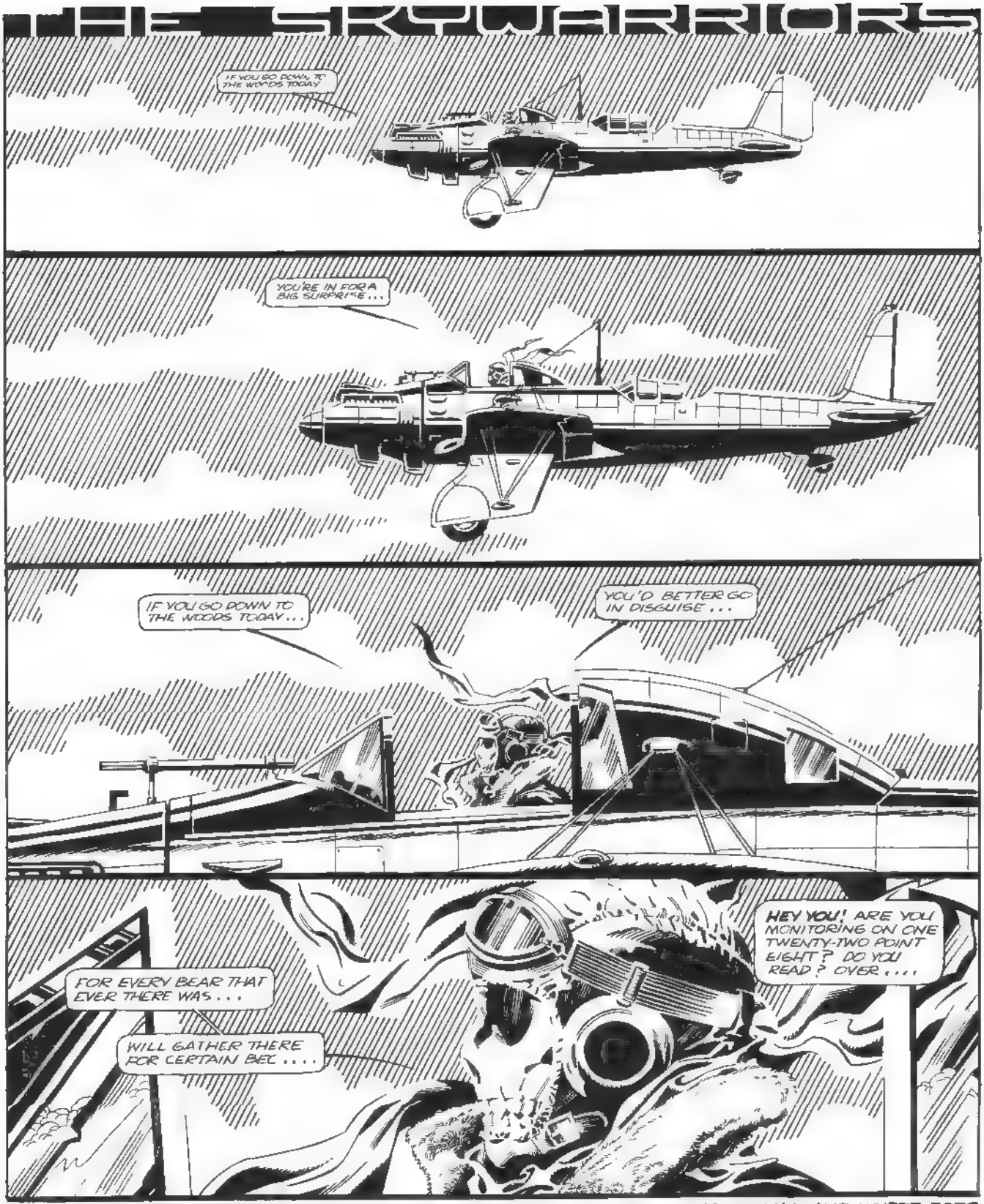
WE WHUPPED 'EM BOYS! BLEW 'EM TO KINGDOM COME!
THEY CAN'T WIN THIS WAR. THEY DON'T EVEN BELIEVE IN GOD.

WELL THEY BELIEVE IN SOMETHING BECAUSE SOME OF THEM WAS CARRYING AXES INSTEAD OF GUNS. CHARGED RIGHT INTO OUR BAYONETS.

MAKES NO DIFFERENCE NOW. IT'S OVER. WE'LL BE IN VLADIVOSTOK IN A WEEK THEN HOME.
YOU'RE WRONG, TAYLOR..


I BEEN A FEW PLACES SINCE I JOINED UP. MEXICO, THE PHILLIPINES... SOME TIME IN FRANCE. I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE I SAW TODAY.
IF THEM REDS WIN THIS ONE THERE'LL BE THE DEVIL TO PAY!


THIS AIN'T OVER BY A LONG SHOT...
THE END


SKYWARRIORS
IF YOU GO DOWN TO THE WOODS TODAY
YOU'RE IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE...
IF YOU GO DOWN TO THE WOODS TODAY...
YOU'D BETTER GO IN DISGUISE...
HEY YOU! ARE YOU MONITORING ON ONE TWENTY-TWO POINT EIGHT? DO YOU READ? OVER....
FOR EVERY BEAR THAT EVER THERE WAS...
WILL GATHER THERE FOR CERTAIN DEC....

GREETINGS, TROOPS. NOW THAT WE'RE ALL FILLED IN ON THE WHO'S, WHY'S, AND WHERE-FORS, I SUPPOSE WE CAN MORE OR LESS PICK UP OUR STORY FROM THE PRESENT... WELL, ALMOST THE PRESENT. LET'S BACK UP TO YESTERDAY MORNING. HERE'S HOW WE CAME TO KNOW...

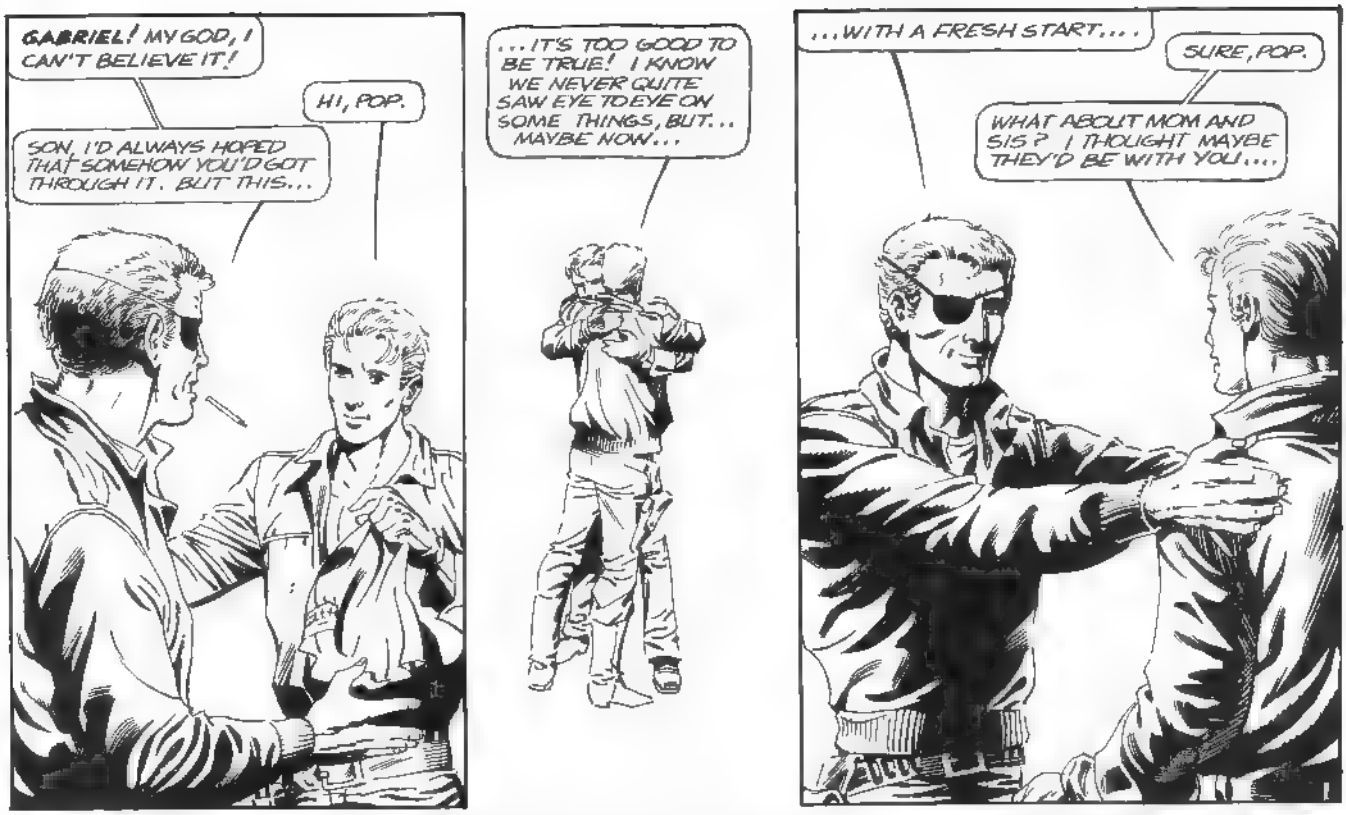
GABRIEL

YOU WITH THE FACE! CAN YOU HEAR ME?
YEAH, I CAN SEE YOU, TOO! WHY DON'T YOU CLIMB INTO MY LAP? I'VE BEEN WAITING! WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?
TURN TO A HEADING OF TWO HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE DEGREES AND START YOUR DESCENT. COUNT THREE MINUTES ON THE CLOCK AND YOU'LL SEE A STRIP DEAD AHEAD. LAND ON IT!
GEE, MY OWN PERSONAL A.T.C.!
NO TRICKS OR WE'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN!

GLORIA AND I WERE ON DAWN PATROL WHEN WE SPOTTED AN INTRUDER. WE KNEW IT WASN'T A PIG. HE WAS TOOLIN' ALONG LIKE A WEEKEND FLYBOY ON A SIGHTSEEING TOUR. REAL DUMB.

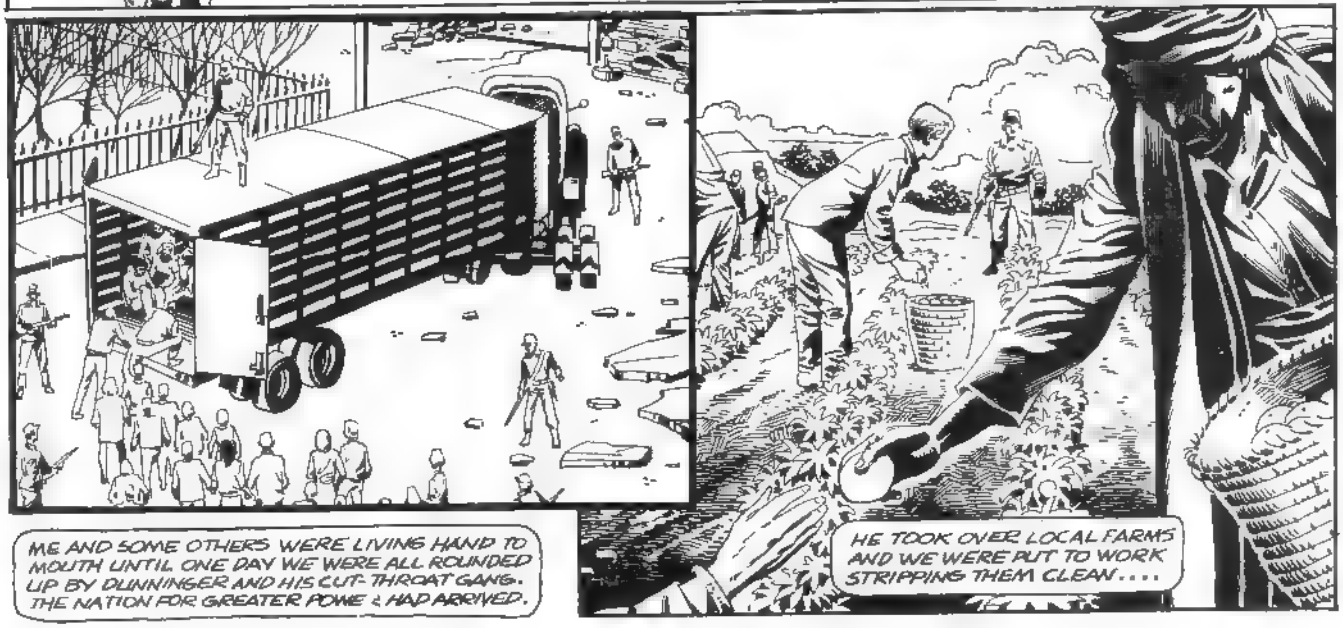
SHE'S A RARE ONE, SCOTTY. A CURTISS 'SHRIKE'. NOT YOUR A-12 WITH THE RADIAL, BUT AN OLDER A-8 WITH THE CURTISS VEE ENGINE. SOUNDS SWEET!
GET ON OVER THERE, JAKE, AND KEEP HIM COVERED!

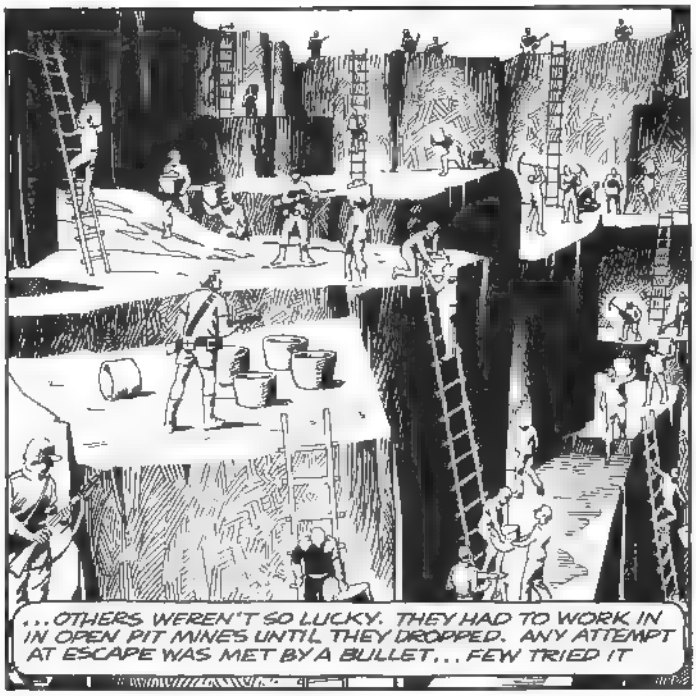
WITH THE PIGS CLOSING IN ON US, WE WEREN'T TRUSTING STRANGERS. 'SPECIALLY ONE WITH A PLANE.


GABRIEL! MY GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
HI, POP.
SON, I'D ALWAYS HOPED THAT SOMEHOW YOU'D GOT THROUGH IT. BUT THIS...
...IT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! I KNOW WE NEVER QUITE SAW EYE TO EYE ON SOME THINGS, BUT... MAYBE NOW...
...WITH A FRESH START....
SURE, POP.
WHAT ABOUT MOM AND SIS? I THOUGHT MAYBE THEY'D BE WITH YOU....

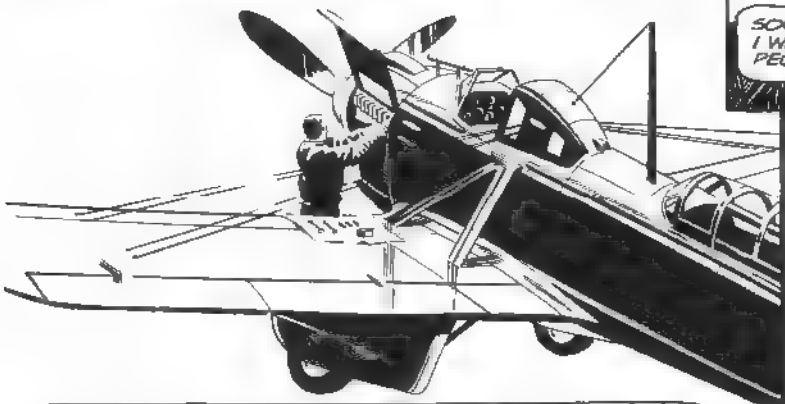
SO SCOTTY WAS REUNITED WITH HIS SON. THEIR RELATIONSHIP HAD NEVER BEEN THAT GREAT IN THE PAST. SCOTTY WAS THE CLASSIC MILITARY FIGHTER JOCK, AND HIS SON, LIKE ALL KIDS, WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING BETTER THAN NUCLEAR DESTRUCTION FOR A FUTURE. BOTH BEING OLDER NOW, MAYBE HARD FEELINGS HAD MELLOWED WITH AGE... HAR, HAR, FAT CHANCE, RIGHT?

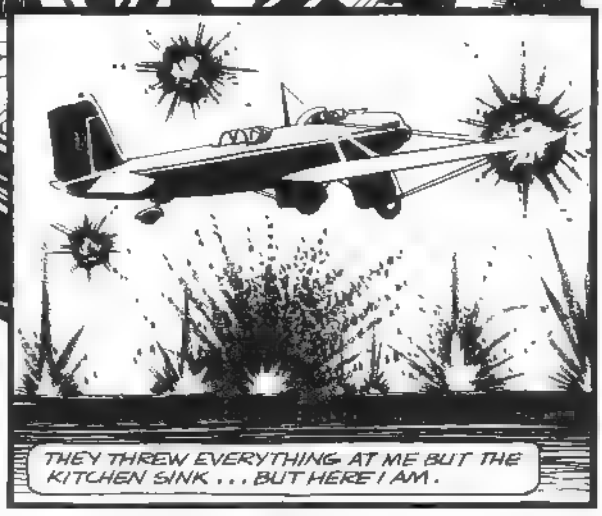
I'M SORRY, SON... THEY DIDN'T MAKE IT... WE LOST LOTT! A WHILE BACK UP NORTH... AND MOM ON THE WAY HERE... ...THE PIGS....
TO THINK THEY'D SURVIVED THE WAR... ...AND THEN... DOESN'T SEEM FAIR... .. AND ME WITH THOSE MONSTERS ALL THE WHILE .. GOOD GOD!
WHAT?
THE PIGS, POP.. I'VE BEEN WITH THE GREASE PIGS.
IT STARTED TWO MONTHS AFTER THE ALL CLEAR.


ME AND SOME OTHERS WERE LIVING HAND TO MOUTH UNTIL ONE DAY WE WERE ALL ROUNDED UP BY DUNNINGER AND HIS CUT-THROAT GANG. THE NATION FOR GREATER POWIE & HAD ARRIVED.
HE TOOK OVER LOCAL FARMS AND WE WERE PUT TO WORK STRIPPING THEM CLEAN....


...OTHERS WEREN'T SO LUCKY. THEY HAD TO WORK IN IN OPEN PIT MINES UNTIL THEY DROPPED. ANY ATTEMPT AT ESCAPE WAS MET BY A BULLET... FEW TRIED IT

SOON I WAS PROMOTED TO MAINTENANCE BECAUSE I WAS A FAIR MECHANIC. AFTER WE RAN INTO YOU PEOPLE, WE GOT OUR OWN PLANES.


DUNNINGER HAD HIS OWN PLANE BUT HE HATED TO FLY. HE RODE IN THE BACK WHILE HIS PILOT FLEW. LATER, HE TRUSTED ME AND I BECAME HIS PERSONAL MECHANIC. I NEVER LET ON THAT I COULD FLY. WITH YOU GUYS, I KNEW THERE WAS A CHANCE TO SAVE SOMETHING. ONE NIGHT I TOOK THE PLANE AND BEAT IT. THEY REALLY WENT NUTS.


THEY THREW EVERYTHING AT ME BUT THE KITCHEN SINK... BUT HERE I AM.

IT TOOK A COUPLE OF DAYS TO FIND YOU. BY THE WAY, DUE WEST, THERE'S A SOVIET BOMBER DOWN ON THE BEACH. LOOKS LIKE A TU 22.
LISTEN, POP. THIS GUY DUNNINGER IS TWISTED. IT'S YOUR RESISTANCE HE CAN'T STAND. DRIVES HIM UP A WALL. HE'S LESS THAN A FEW DAYS AWAY NOW. WHY DON'T....
WHY DON'T YOU RELAX, SON. LOOK AROUND A BIT.

I'LL TAKE A COUPLE OF PLANES OUT TO CHECK ON THE WRECK. THEN WE'LL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO STOP THIS GUY.
ARE YOU SAYING YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT 'EM TO THE LAST BREATH?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

NOT FAR AWAY....
THERE IT IS AGAIN, ANNIE. A SNAPPING TWIG... THERE IS SOMETHING MOVING IN THE BUSH. GET UP...
C'MON, MARLA, DON'T BE SILLY. IT'S JUST AN ANIMAL....
...BESIDES, WE STILL HAVEN'T CAUGHT ENOUGH FISH YET....
...AND MOVE SLOWLY TOWARDS OUR WEAPONS. DON'T LOOK TOWARDS THE BUSH...STAY CALM.
LOOK, MARLA. THEY'RE SO SMALL. WE SHOULD...
KAPOW!
AAAA

"WE'LL TAKE CARE OF BLONDIE! SNEED, YOU GET THE DARK ONE OVER THERE!"
OH, NO!
"WATCH IT! WATCH IT! OUCH! THOSE NAILS! HEY! SHE'S LOOSE!"
PLEASE... NO! HELP!
MARLA! HELP MEEEE....
"HOLD BLONDIE, RAFE! I'LL HELP SNEED!"
"OKAY, I GOT HER! HEY, BLONDIE..."
"...EASY! TAKE IT EASY! NOBODY'S GONNA HURT YA!"
"CAREFUL, SNEED! DARKIE'S BEHIND THE TREE. YOU GO ONE SIDE, I'LL GO THE OTHER..."
MONSTERS! SONS OF DEVILS!
COME GET IT, SCUM SUCKERS!
"EASY, MOMMA, EASY DOES IT! JUS' C'MON OUTTA THERE... WE AIN'T GONNA EAT YA...."
"HEH, HEH..."
EAT THIS, DUNG BREATH!
"AAARRGH...GURGLE...."

"RAFE, RAFE! SHE SPLIT SNEED WIDE OPEN! GIVE ME A HAND!"
"COMIN'... WAIT! SOMEBODY IN THE WOODS...."
PKOW! PKOW! PKOW!
"AAHGHH!"
"UNHH!"
THANK GOD! THANK GOD!
YOU OKAY, MISS?
YES, I'M ALL RIGHT... JUST SHOOK UP...
...MARLA?
I'M FINE. PIGS! I SPIT ON THEM PTOOO!
TWO DEAD.
THIS ONE HERE'S JUST WINGED SCOTTY'LL WANT TO TALK TO HIM.
MOAN..

SO, A PIG RECON PARTY HAD GOTTEN INSIDE THE BASE PERIMETER. SOMEBODY HAD BEEN ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH BUT GABRIEL HAD SAVED THE DAY. THERE WAS NO DOUBT HE WAS COOL-HEADED LIKE HIS OLD MAN, BUT OF VERY DIFFERENT VIEWS. THE HEAD-TO-HEAD BLOWOUT WAS YET TO COME. MEANTIME, SCOTTY, WOOLSEY AND I WERE ARRIVING AT THE SITE OF THE DOWNED RUSSIAN PLANE.

IT'S A TU-22, ALL RIGHT! ME AND WOOLSEY'LL SET DOWN ON THE BEACH! YOU COVER US, HARVE!
ROGER, BOSS!
BLAST!!! WHERE'D THEY COME FROM? THEY'RE GETTING SMARTER EVERY DAY!
ZIP!
THUK!
THUK!
THUK!
PING!
YOU'RE LEAKING SOMETHING, SCOTTY!
YEAH, SHE'S HIT BAD...

IN SECONDS THE SKY WAS A TANGLE OF AIRPLANES. THEY ONLY HAD US TWO TO ONE.

...RUNNIN' ROUGH AS A COB!
R.P.M. IS BOUNCING AROUND LIKE YOUR GRANNY'S BUSTLE AND THE OIL PRESSURE IS DROPPING STEADILY! I'M AFRAID SHE'LL THROW A ROD!
I'M GOING TO TRY TO NURSE HER BACK!
GO AHEAD, SCOTTY! WE'LL FINISH THE REST. DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES!

HEY, SCOTTY! HERE COMES ONE ACROSS YOUR SIGHTS!
WHEN WILL THEY EVER LEARN?
NEVER, I HOPE! I GOT JUST ONE MORE LITTLE CHORE, SCOTTY! THEN WE'LL BE RIGHT ALONG WITH YOU!
BULLSEYE!
HEY! DID YOU SEE THAT GUY BURN? AND HE JUMPED, TOO!
YEAH... WITH NO PARACHUTE!
LET'S GO HOME!
WHAT'VE WE GOT HERE?
A COUPLE OF YOUR WOMEN RAN INTO TROUBLE DOWN BY THE CREEK. THEY'RE OKAY, BUT THIS IS WHAT'S LEFT OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.
BRING HIM ALONG, SON. I WANT TO TALK TO HIM BEFORE WE HAVE OUR STRATEGY MEETING.

LATER....
THE CREEP TALKED. I MADE HIM AN OFFER HE COULDN'T REFUSE. THEY'RE TEN MILES OUT MOVING UP THE VALLEY.
OUR PERIMETER IS SMALL BUT TOUGH. OMEGA'S THE BOSS THERE.
ANY QUESTIONS, JUST ASK. I AIM TO PLEASE.
WE'LL HARRASS THEM, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE ANY EQUIPMENT ON THE MINOR SKIRMISHES. THEY HAVE GOT ONE WAY IN SO THEY'LL PAY A HIGH PRICE TO TAKE US. ARE THERE ANY QUESTIONS? GOOD!
NEXT SUBJECT. WHO WANTS TO GO BACK TO THE TU-22? I NEED THREE VOLUNTEERS. HANDS?
I'LL GO! I COULD USE THE CHANGE OF SCENERY.
THANKS, ANNIE. TWO MORE. HOW ABOUT YOU, MARLA? THINGS GETTING TOO EASY FOR YOU AROUND HERE?
I'M STAYING! I WANT TO BE HERE WHEN THOSE CHONCHOS HIT US! IF ANYBODY WANTS TO USE MY AIRPLANE, FEEL FREE. I WANT TO MEET THEM FACE TO FACE... WITH COLD STEEL? UNDERSTAND?
MARLA, YOU'RE MY KIND OF WOMAN.
SHUT UP, WOOLSEY!
THIS END UP
I'D LIKE TO GO, SCOTTY. MIGHT BE THE LAST TIME I GET TO FLY FOR A WHILE...
DAD, UH... EXCUSE ME, BUT COULD I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU... IN PRIVATE...?
SURE, SON. C'MON INTO MY OFFICE.
AND OMEGA. YOU GO AHEAD. TAKE THE NIEUPORT. JAKE JUST REPLACED THE PLUGS. IT COULD STAND A BIT OF RUNNING.
THANKS, SCOTTY.
FAIR ENOUGH. WHO ELSE?
COUNT ME IN. I'LL TAKE MARLA'S F4 B, THE FURY'S OUT OF RIG AGAIN.
OKAY, WOOLSEY. ONE MORE.

OKAY, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
IS THAT IT? WE'RE GONNA STAY AND FIGHT?
DEFEND TO THE DEATH THIS... GOD-FORSAKEN PATCH OF INSECT-RIDDEN, ROT-INFESTED JUNGLE? HUH?
FOR WHAT?
YOU HEARD THEM, GABRIEL. THAT WAS THE DECISION.
THAT WASN'T THEIR DECISION, IT WAS YOURS! IT WAS ALWAYS YOURS! WE'VE GOT NO CHANCE AGAINST THE PIGS! NONE!
I KNOW THEM, REMEMBER? THEY DON'T TAKE PRISONERS... EXCEPT FOR FUN AND GAMES!
WE'RE DEAD BEFORE WE START!
THERE COMES A TIME WHEN YOU HAVE TO STOP RUNNING....
OHH, LISTEN TO THIS NOW! WHAT IS THIS? A SCENE FROM 'HIGH NOON?' GARY COOPER TAKING ON THE BAD GUYS SINGLE HANDED? FACE REALITY, DAD!
THE GAME IS UP! YOU PEOPLE WITH THESE PLANES... IT'S A JOKE! DAD... WHY CAN'T WE JUST MELT INTO THE BACKGROUND?
GIVE UP RESISTING! BACK OFF! THEY'LL GET BORED... LEAVE US ALONE! I KNOW. IT'S LIKE A CAT WITH A MOUSE!
WE'RE A CHALLENGE TO DUNNINGER! NO RESISTANCE, NO CHALLANGE! NO CHALLENGE, NO FIGHTING! NO FIGHTING, NO DYING!
...IT IS BETTER TO DIE.
I APOLOGIZE FOR MY ANTIQUATED MORALITY, GABRIEL, BUT SOMETIMES WHEN YOU HAVE A CHOICE, AND DYING IS ONE OF THE CHOICES...

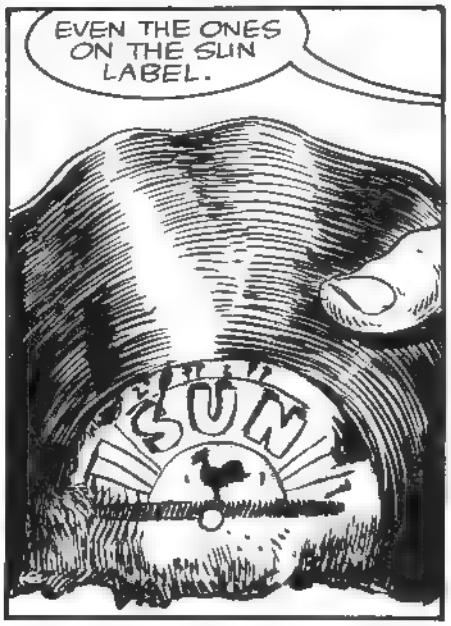
DYING WAS ALWAYS EASY FOR YOU, COLONEL! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF US? THOSE OF US THAT STILL THINK THERE'S A CHANCE, YOU THINK YOUR LIFE IS FINISHED SO YOU WANT TO TAKE THE REST OF US RIGHT ALONG WITH YOU! GO OUT THERE AND BE A BUNCH OF HEROES . . . DEAD ONES!
THAT'S RIGHT, SON . . . FOR ME DYING IS EASY . . . I DIED YEARS AGO BACK IN THE CAVES WHEN, UNDER GOD'S OWN GAZE, HUMANITY WAS ANNIHILATED. I DIED WHEN I THOUGHT I'D SEEN THE LAST OF YOU, AND I DIED WHEN LOTTI'S LIFE BLOOD HAD BEEN SPILLED.
I DIED AGAIN WHEN YOUR MOTHER WENT FROM US IN A SHEET OF FLAME . . . SO, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT . . . IT IS EASY FOR ME . . . TO WALK OUT THERE AND TAKE A BULLET . . . DYING JUST ONE MORE TIME . . . .
. . . I GUESS I DO OWE THE OTHERS SOMETHING . . . FROM THIS MOMENT . . . I ASK NO MORE FROM THEM . . . OR YOU. I'LL MAKE IT A PROMISE . . . .
DAD, I . . . .
LATER, AT THE WRECK . . . .
THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! AIN'T NOTHING HERE. LET'S GO HOME BEFORE WE GET SOME VISITORS.
OMEGA! ANNIE! COME HERE! QUICK!
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
I THINK WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE IS A SITUATION!
ONE OF US HAS TO GO BACK AND GET SCOTTY. WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE IS A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME . . . .
WHAT MORE CAN I SAY? YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH. GOT TO GO, I'M ON WATCH. SEE YOU AROUND.

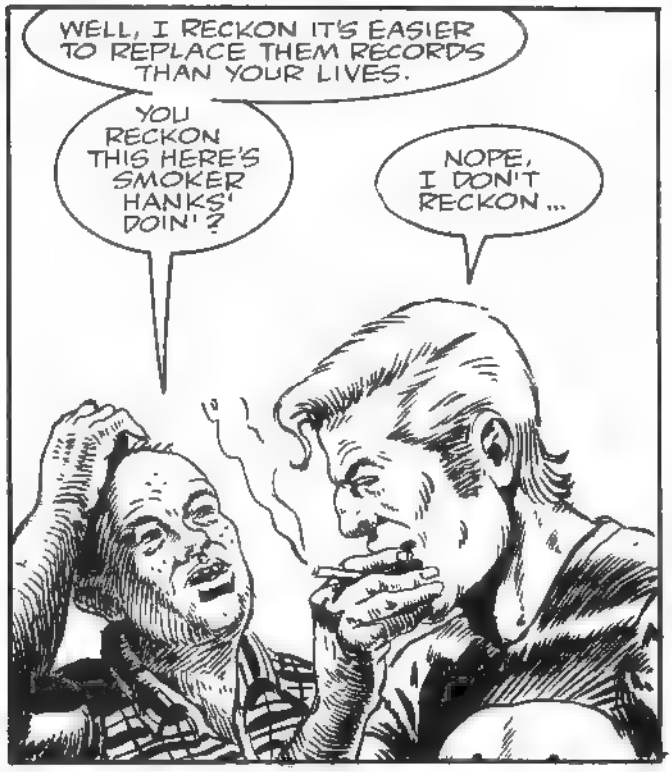
IN NORTH GEORGIA, THEY SAY MOONSHININ' IS A DYIN' WAY OF LIFE. IF THE LAW DON'T GET YOU, THE COMPETITION WILL.
GOOD OL' BOYS
STORY- DON KRAAR
ART--VINCENT WALLER
LETTERS PHIL FELIX
SO YOU'VE GOT THE DROP ON ME, PARDNER
YOU GONNA TALK OR DRAW?
GOOD BOY, YES-SIR, THAT'S A GOOD DOG
THOOAP!
YELP YELP!
HERE--I'LL MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU.
NOW YOU'VE GOT AN EVEN BREAK.
GO ON, OR ARE YOU YELLOW?
THIS COLT .45'LL ANSWER THAT.
CLICK!
BOWEN, DON'T YOU THINK THEY'LL SHOW IT SOME OTHER TIME?
THIS HERE'S THE THIRD BEST THING EVER INVENTED. NOW WHEN I WANT TO SEE A JOHN WAYNE MOVIE I AIN'T GONNA HAVE TO PUT UP WITH NO COMMERCIALS!

THIS JUST AIN'T ANY OL' PICTURE.
SAY, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, GAL?
I THINK YOU'RE TRYIN TO DISTRACT ME - AGAIN.
WAIT...
...I THOUGHT I SMELLED SOME-THIN'...
THAT'S GASOLINE! GET YOUR GUN, BOWEN!
COME ON, HONEY, LETS HIT THE ROAD WHILE WE STILL CAN!
WHO IS IT, BOWEN?
THERE'S ONLY ONE BARN-BURNIN' LOW LIFE PIECE OF TRASH WHO'D DO IT LIKE THIS.
VIP!
VIP!
VIP!
SPANG!
SPANG!
SPANG!
BLAM!
BLAM!

AND HIS NAME IS SMOKER HANKS.
THAT'S HIS CAR ALL RIGHT.
BRAPP!
BAM! BAM!

MORNING ...
LOOKS LIKE HE GOT EVERYTHING BUT YOUR HIDES.
YEAH, AND DANG NEAR THAT, TOO.
AND ALL MY ELVIS RECORDS. I HAD EVERY ONE HE EVER MADE, ALL ORIGINALS.

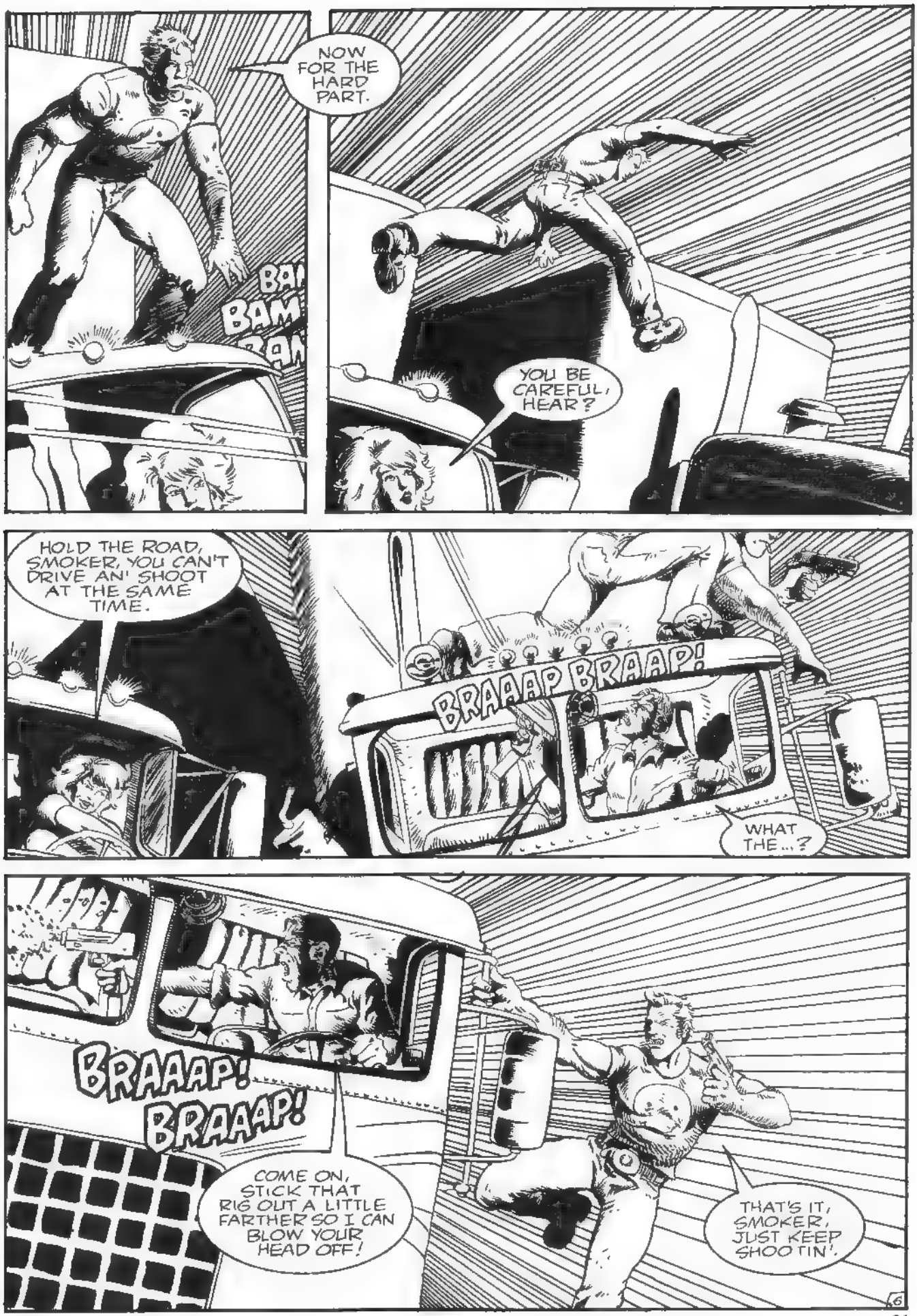

EVEN THE ONES ON THE SUN LABEL.
SUN


WELL, I RECKON IT'S EASIER TO REPLACE THEM RECORDS THAN YOUR LIVES.
YOU RECKON THIS HERE'S SMOKER HANKS' DOIN'?
NOPE, I DON'T RECKON ...

I KNOW. HE DROPPED A PLUG OF REDMAN CHAWIN' TOBACCO, NOT TO MENTION A LINE O' SPIT LEADIN' UP TO THE TRAILER!
3

TRYIN' TO RUN YOU OUT OF BUSINESS IS ONE THING--
--BUT KILLIN' RUFUS HERE WAS JUST PLAIN MEAN-NESS.
YEAH, OSCAR LEE, HE DONE TRIED TO DO UNTO ME AND I MEAN TO DO UNTO HIM...
...BUT A WHOLE LOT WORSE.
COUNT ME IN, BOWEN. HE GOT MY GUITAR AND MY THREE BEST WIGS TO BOOT.
NOW I KNOW HOW JOHN WAYNE FELT IN THE SEARCHERS.
YEAH, THE WORLD AIN'T BEEN RIGHT SINCE ELVIS AND THE DUKE DIED.
A WEEK LATER IN THE MOUNTAINS OF TENNESSEE...
I STILL DON'T FEEL RIGHT ABOUT HAVIN' YOU IN ON THIS.
I TOLD YOU, I TAKE WHAT HE DONE REAL PERSONAL.
YOU SURE YOU CAN HANDLE THIS RIG?
YOU JUST WATCH ME, KID.
4

HERE HE COMES, JUST LIKE LUDIE SAID ON THE SQUAWK BOX.
LET'S ROLL, GAL.
GO ON, PULL OUT BUT REMEMBER TO HANG BACK A LITTLE.
HOLD HER STEADY, GAL, AND KEEP OUT OF HIS FIRIN' LINE.
LIKE I SAID, YOU JUST WATCH ME.
LOOKS LIKE ONLY ONE OF US IS GONNA LEAVE THIS ROAD ALIVE, TYRONE!
BRAAAP!
AN' THIS INGRAM SAYS IT'S GONNA BE ME!
HOLD HER STEADY AND DON'T LET LET HIM RUN YOU OFF THE ROAD!
BRAAAP!
BRAAAP!
172
173-10
5


NOW FOR THE HARD PART.
BAM
BAM
YOU BE CAREFUL, HEAR?
HOLD THE ROAD, SMOKER, YOU CAN'T DRIVE AN' SHOOT AT THE SAME TIME.
BRAAAAP BRAAP!
WHAT THE...?
BRAAAP! BRAAAP!
COME ON, STICK THAT RIG OUT A LITTLE FARTHER SO I CAN BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!
THAT'S IT, SMOKER, JUST KEEP SHOOTIN'.
6

FREEZE -- AND KEEP BOTH HANDS ON THE WHEEL!
I THINK... I JUST SWALLOWED MY CHAW.
PUT ON THE BRAKES REAL SLOW...
AN' FORGET ABOUT THAT INGRAM.
NOW JUST RELAX, SMOKER, THIS AIN'T GONNA TAKE LONG.

YOU AIN'T GONNA SHOOT ME, ARE YOU, BOWEN?
NO, I SWEAR I AIN'T GONNA SHOOT YOU, SMOKER.
NOW, WE'LL JUST LET THIS SOAK IN A MINUTE.
I RECKON EVEN A THIRD RATE ARSONIST LIKE YOU DOES THAT.
THEN YOU CAN HAVE A SMOKE...
...WHILE I RELEASE THE BRAKE.
SO LONG, SMOKER. I DON'T RECKON YOU'LL BE TORCHIN' ANYTHING ELSE AFTER TONIGHT.
FWHAM!
THIS IS FOR ELVIS AND FOR RUFUS.
END.
8

gutz
BLOOD AND GUTZ, HAVING STOLEN A WATER TRUCK FROM THE AZTECS, ARE HAVING TROUBLE REACHING SAFE HAVEN IN VENICE...
• jungkuntz STORY/ART
I'M TELLIN' YA, Y'CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE! THE LAST EARTHQUAKE SWALLOWED HALF A MILE'A THE FREEWAY!
LA BREA GAS
WE'LL HAFTA DOUBLE BACK AN' TRY OLYMPIC!
JUST HURRY AND MAKE UP YOUR MINDS, OKAY?
SNIFF SNIFF
--? THERE'S NO GASOLINE HERE!
BUT WHY'D THEY LIE...
UNLESS...
--IT'S A TRAP!!
KLUNK!
YOU DENTED MY CAR!!
WH-WHU
LOOK OUT!

OOOF!
RRRAARGH!!
GET BACK, BLOOD--!
Yo'Mama
--THIS ONE'S ON ME!
BRRRRAP!
KPOW KPOW
AAGH!
NO!!
AAEEERGH!
PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH
IS HE--?
MOE!! MOE!!
KLANK!
KLONK!
2

HE'S STILL ALIVE! BUT HE NEEDS A DOCTOR-- FAST!
A DOC--A DOCTOR? WHERE TH'HELL WE GONNA FIND ONE?
WE'VE ONLY GOT ENOUGH GAS TO REACH BEVERLY HILLS!
Muh - Muh
BUT THAT'S A ARMED CAMP! THEY GOT BORDER GUARDS IN APC'S! WE CAN'T JES'--
WE HAVE TO!
EITHER THAT, OR HE DIES!
AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT! JES' LET ME DO TH' TALKIN'!
WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT, BIT! WE'VE GOT TO!
YOU BETTER HURRY--!
Muh - MA?
ROAR
VROOM!
--HE SOUNDS DELIRIOUS!
Muh - MA - MA ?
WO IST MEIN MEDAILLON--?
SIEGEL
THAT LOOKS LIKE A HOSPITAL UP ON THE HILL-
BUT THERE'S A PATROL COMIN'!
YO! LET ME HANDLE THIS!
JOHN WAYNE
PLEASE, PLEASE LET HIM BE ALL RIGHT--!
3

LISSEN, PAL, I DON'T CARE IF YER TH'DUKE OF EARL, THIS GUY NEEDS A SAWBONES!
YOU CALL OFF YER GOONS 'N GET US UP T'EMERGENCY NOW, 'N YOU MAY WIND UP 5,000 GALLONS RICHER.
IF NOT--
O-OKAY, DUDE, SURE, WHATEVER YOU SAY!
LET 'EM THROUGH, BOYS!
Uh, WILL YOU PUT ME DOWN NOW?
NO WAY, SWEETHEART! YOU RIDIN' WIF ME!
HILLS ANGELS
HILLS ANGELS
AND SO...
G'WAN IN! I BE THERE NNA MINNIT!
CAREFUL--!
BUT FIRST--!
FIRST PUT ME DOWN, HUH?
EMERGENCY
--I NEED ONE'A GUTZ'S "SECURITY SPECIALS"!
SEE THIS, FOLKS?
KNOW WHAT IT IS?
DYN-O-MITE!
--ALL SET 'TA BLOW 'F YOU SO MUCH'S STARE TOO HARD AT THIS TRUCK!
CAR'S RIGGED TH' SAME WAY, TOO!
'N SINCE GUTZ IS TH'ONLY ONE 'AT C'N DE-ACKTIVATE 'EM...
...I'D SAY HE'S COVERED, INSURANCE-WISE!
EMERGENCY
4

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT- OH GREAT!
WE'RE TAKING YOU INTO SURGERY NOW-- YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!
MAMA-?
SQUIRT!
♫ HEY 19-- THAT'S 'RETHA FRANKLIN
SHE DOAN REMEMBAH TH' QUEEN 'A SOUL-- ♫
--'S HARD TIMES BEF:-
HEADS UP, DOC! YER WANTED IN SURGERY!
SURGERY?!
WHAT THE HELL D'YOU THINK THIS IS, A HOSPITAL?!!
'AT'S WHAT IT SEZ ON TH' DOOR, PAL!
WELL, TAKE A LOOK AROUND, "PAL"--
--EVERYTHING THAT AIN'T STOLEN IS TRASHED!
ALL THE HIGH-POWERED SURGEONS ARE OFF PLAYING INTERN DOCTOR TO BIG-SHOTS LIKE KIM LO-AHN!
I JUST HANG AROUND 'CAUSE I LIKE THE SPACE.
NO "COLLEAGUES" STABBIN' ME IN THE BACK.
YOU LIKE MUSIC? GOT ALL THE MUSIC I WANT SOLAR BATTERIES! COST AN ARM 'N A LEG--
--NOT MY OWN, OF COURSE, BUT--
SHUT UP! THERE'S A MAN DYIN' IN THERE, AN' YER GONNA SAVE 'IM OR I'LL--
OKAY, OKAY-- 'S NOT LIKE I'M BUSY OR ANYTHING. GUNSHOT WOUNDS, RIGHT? SEEN IT A MILLION TIMES.
STRAIGHT UP, DOC. HOW'S 'IS CHANCES?
MARGINAL.
BUT BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WE STILL HAVE ALL THE BLOOD WE NEED--
--THOUGH I WON'T SWEAR TO ITS QUALITY--
--NOTHIN'S PURE THESE DAYS
5

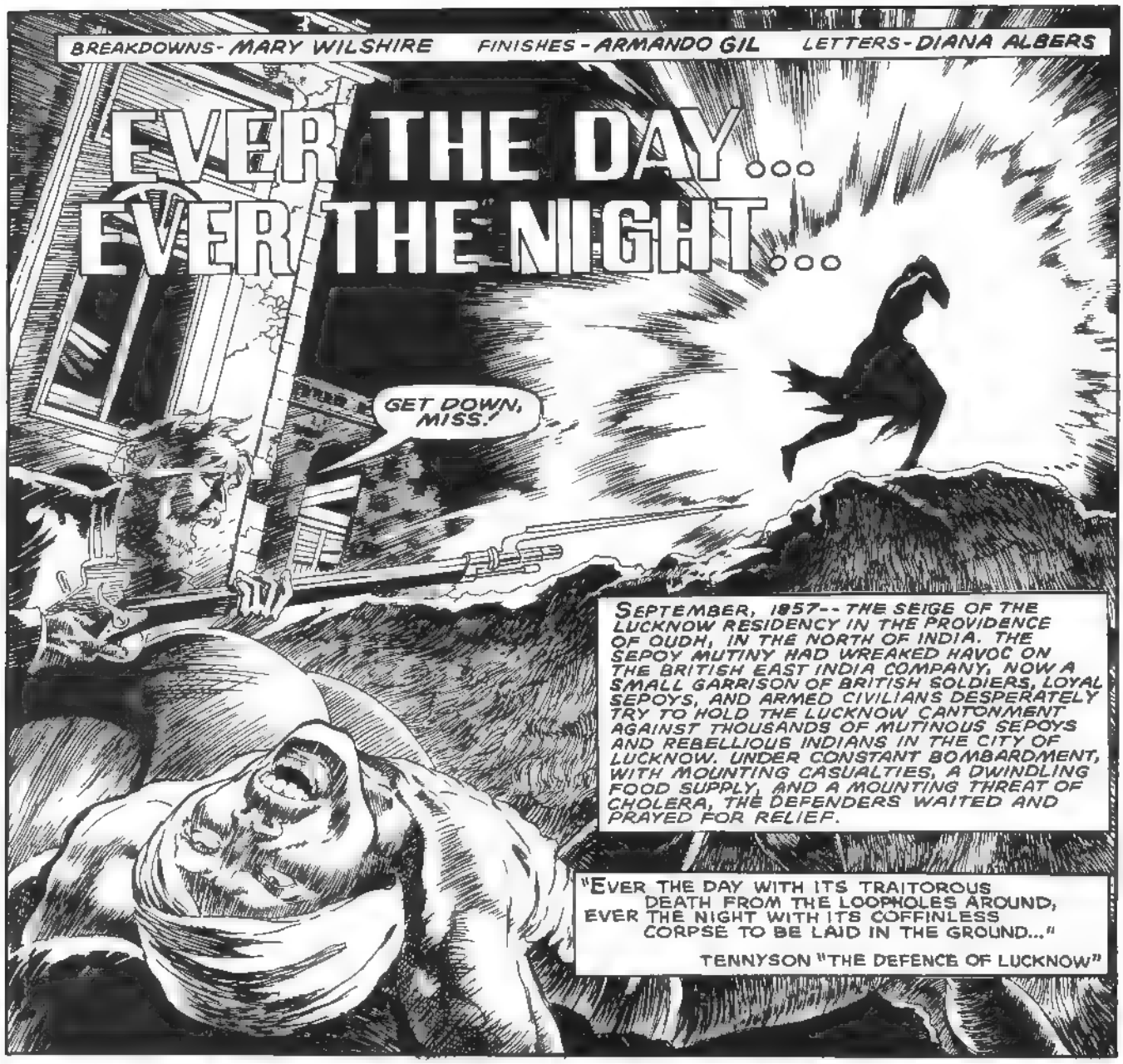
NOW YOU, HONEY-- YOU PASS ME THE TOOLS WHEN I SAY SO...
--AND YOU, SHORT STUFF, YOU KEEP THE INCISION CLEAN...
--AND YOU, BIG GUY, YOU STAND BACK AND WATCH.
Y'MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING!
--IT'S A GLAMOUR PROFESSION--
--THE L.A. CONCESSION
BLOOD--!
WHERE'RE YOU GOING?! YOU CAN'T RUN OUT NOW! GET BACK HERE THIS--
NO! LET HIM GO--
--I'VE SEEN 'IM LIKE THIS BEFORE--
--SPANGLED LEATHER PONCHO AN' YER EL-E-VATOR SHOES...
--HE'S NO USE TO US HERE, AND HE CAN'T STAND BEING HELPLESS!
--HIGH IN THE CUS-TERDOME!
10:37 pm
11:52 pm
12:09 am
1:30 am
1:47 am
Z
6

2:00 am
FOUR HOURS... I DIDN'T THINK IT'D TAKE SO LONG...
THINK HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, BIT?
HE'LL PULL THROUGH..
SURE HAD ME SCARED, THOUGH, WHEN HE KEPT ON CALLIN' FOR HIS MAMA...
YOU EVER MEET HER, MAXI?
H.S MOTHER?! NO.
THEY WERE IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP TOGETHER SHE DIED THERE, I THINK.
HE WON'T TALK ABOUT IT.
I ALWAYS WONDERED 'BOUT THOSE NUMBERS ON HIS ARM.
WHAT WAS YOUR MAMA LIKE, BIT?
DON'T KNOW-- MY MOTHER DIED BEFORE I WAS BORN
WHAT?!
IT'S TRUE! SHE WAS THREE MONTHS PREGNANT WHEN SHE DIED.
WELL, BRAIN DEAD, ANYWAY...
...THEY KEPT HER BODY ON LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS UNTIL I WAS BORN.
I NEVER KNEW EITHER OF MY PARENTS
WOW...
MY FOLKS WERE JUST YOUR TYPICAL VALLEY TYPES... I COULDN'T STAND IT. GUTZ WAS THE FIRST PERSON TO TREAT ME LIKE A HUMAN BEING!
IT'S SO WEIRD...
--LIKE, WHEN I THINK BACK ON HOW THINGS WERE BEFORE... Y'KNOW, THESE DAYS...
...IT ALL JUST SEEMS SO... UNREAL...
SUPPERTIME! YOU BOYS GET IN HERE!
WE COMIN', MA!
AAANDY!! WHERE ARE YA, MAN? C'MON, WE GOTTA GO!
ANDY -?
7

A-ANDY--?
PAAAAAAAA*
BLOOD--?
'M OKAY... S'JES' A DREAM...
WAS IT... ABOUT GUTZ?
NO... IT WUZ ANDY...
YOUR OLDER BROTHER?
YEH.. I DUNNO WHY NOW.
YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT IT?
NO... LE'SS CHANGE TH' SUBJECK..
D'I EVER TELL YOU... HOW ME'N GUTZ FIRST MET?
:heh: WUZ RIGHT AFTER TH'FIRST FIRESTORM... I COME INTA TOWN 'N ST--
aw, hell! GET IN HERE, EVERYBODY!
--HE'S HAVIN' A HEART ATTACK!
A HEART ATTACK--?
WHAT DO WE DO?
SEARCH THE ROOM! MEBBE THERE'S STILL SOME t-PA LYIN' AROUND!
T-P WHAT?
t-PA! t-PA! TISSUE-TYPE PLASMINOGEN ACTIVATOR!
IF WE DON'T GET SOME INTO 'IM SOON, HE'S A GONER!
8

t-PA.
t-PA..
NOTHIN'!
THIS ONE LOOKS LIKE A DISEASE.
STREPTO... STREPTO-KEENNN.
STREPTOKINASE?!!
YE--
GIMME THAT!
IT'S RISKIER THAN t-PA, BUT WE GOT NO CHOICE! JUST PRAY HE'S NOT ALLERGIC. --AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT--
--TRY ROUSTING ONE'A THOSE ORDERLIES OUTSIDE. YOU MAY HAVE TO DONATE BLOOD AFTER ALL.
NOW, I DON'T MIND GIVING BLOOD-- BUT THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS.
CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT ORDERLY? "HEY, NOT THAT ONE, THAT'S MY NEEDLE!"
YICK!
YOUR PACING ISN'T HELPING ANY, BLOOD.
I KNOW, I KNOW, I JUST CAN'T HELP IT GUTZ SAVED MY LIFE SO MANY TIMES, I CAN'T LET IT END THIS WAY.
Y'KNOW, I WOULDN'T SAY IT TO HIS FACE, BUT THAT OL' GUY MEANS MORE T'ME THAN ALL TH-
AHEM! OKAY, FOLKS
9

SURGERY
--YOU CAN SEE HIM NOW.
I KNEW IT! I KNEW HE'D MAKE IT!
HE LOOKS SO PALE, ARE YOU SURE--?
WHAT, DON'T YOU TRUST ME? I'VE SEWN UP MILLIONS OF GUYS! TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, HE'S TOUGH AS NAILS!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, DOC!
ONLY THING THAT WORRIES ME IS HOW YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR ALL THIS!
5,000 GALLONS MAY COVER THE OPERATION, BUT HE'LL NEED A FEW WEEKS' CONVALESCENCE, 'N THAT DON'T COME CHEAP, EVEN HERE!
WHAT, WE NEED CREDIT? NO SWEAT!
LATER ..
YO, GUTZ! GOOD NEWS!
YOU JES' TAKE YER TIME 'N GET ALL BETTER. I SQUARED THINGS WITH TH' FRONT DESK.
ALL I DID WUZ STAKE PAYMENT'A ALL TH' BILLS ON TH' OUTCOME OF A LI'L GAME.
WAS IT..
-- A GAME .. OF CHANCE ?
NOT TH' WAY I PLAY IT
END


BREAKDOWNS- MARY WILSHIRE
FINISHES - ARMANDO GIL
LETTERS - DIANA ALBERS
EVER THE DAY...
EVER THE NIGHT...
GET DOWN, MISS!
SEPTEMBER, 1857-- THE SEIGE OF THE LUCKNOW RESIDENCY IN THE PROVIDENCE OF OUDH, IN THE NORTH OF INDIA. THE SEPOY MUTINY HAD WREAKED HAVOC ON THE BRITISH EAST INDIA COMPANY, NOW A SMALL GARRISON OF BRITISH SOLDIERS, LOYAL SEPOYS, AND ARMED CIVILIANS DESPERATELY TRY TO HOLD THE LUCKNOW CANTONMENT AGAINST THOUSANDS OF MUTINOUS SEPOYS AND REBELLIOUS INDIANS IN THE CITY OF LUCKNOW. UNDER CONSTANT BOMBARDMENT, WITH MOUNTING CASUALTIES, A DWINDLING FOOD SUPPLY, AND A MOUNTING THREAT OF CHOLERA, THE DEFENDERS WAITED AND PRAYED FOR RELIEF.
"EVER THE DAY WITH ITS TRAITOROUS DEATH FROM THE LOOPHOLES AROUND, EVER THE NIGHT WITH ITS COFFINLESS CORPSE TO BE LAID IN THE GROUND..."
TENNYSON "THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW"

YOU'RE LATE.

MRS. FAVERSHAM WILL BE DISPLEASED. BEST COME ALONG NOW.
I WAS AT THE HOSPITAL, LOOKING AFTER MY BROTHER.

WELL. MISS FITZHUGH, BETTER THAT YOU SHOULD JOIN US LATE THAN NEVER AT ALL.
I WAS JUST TELLING MRS. MORRIS THAT MY BROTHER...
PLEASE... WE HAVE BUSINESS TO DISCUSS.
I HAVE SPOKEN TO DR. FAYRER AND TOLD HIM WHAT WE HAVE DECIDED. BUT HE REFUSED TO SUPPLY US WITH THE LAUDANUM AND PRUSSIC ACID THAT I REQUESTED.
HOWEVER, THERE IS ANOTHER WAY.
AS YOU KNOW, A COURIER LEFT SEVERAL DAYS AGO TO TRY AND REACH GENERAL HAVELOCK AND GENERAL OUTRAM. THERE IS LITTLE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT HE WILL SUCCEED.
SO, WE MUST MAKE PROVISIONS FOR THE END. I FOR ONE TRULY BELIEVE THAT CAPTURE BY THE MUTINEERS *WOULD BE* A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH.
DO YOU MEAN THAT ONE OF US WILL HAVE TO DO IT?
THERE SEEMS TO BE LITTLE ALTERNATIVE. IN ANY EVENT, WE SHOULD LET PROVIDENCE DECIDE WHICH OF US IT WILL BE.
DID ANY OF YOU EVER PLAY "SPIN THE BOTTLE"?

NO...
IT'S THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE.
NO...
GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF, GIRL. YOU HAVE A DUTY TO PERFORM.
BUT, I DON'T KNOW HOW.
THEN SERGEANT WINGRAVE WILL HAVE TO TEACH YOU.
IT'S REALLY RELATIVELY SIMPLE, MISS.
AN HOUR LATER...
THAT'S IT, MISS, VERY SLOWLY, NOW. WE DON'T WANT TO SET OFF THE ROUND.
REMEMBER, WHEN YOU FIRE IT, HOLD THE GRIP WITH BOTH HANDS LIKE I SHOWED YOU, TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND LET IT OUT AS YOU SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER.
YES, I THINK I HAVE IT. THANK YOU, SERGEANT.
ELIZABETH, YOUR BROTHER IS ASKING FOR YOU.
IT'S BAD, ISN'T IT?
YES, VERY...
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, MISS! THE SNIPERS DON'T QUIT WORK AFTER NIGHTFALL!

ELIZABETH, HURRY... THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME...

EDMUND...
HERE NOW, NO TEARS... STIFF UPPER LIP, YOU KNOW.
I SAY, WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HAND? GOING TO BEAT BACK THE MUTINEERS SINGLE HANDED?

HERE, I WANT YOU TO TAKE THESE. FATHER WOULD HAVE WANTED YOU TO HAVE HIS WATCH... AND I WANT YOU TO TAKE THIS, TOO.
OH, NO...
STILL SO FRIGHTFULLY SQUEAMISH AFTER ALL THIS TIME.

I'D THINK BY NOW YOU WOULDN'T FIND A FOXTAIL SO TERRIBLY REPULSIVE. TAKE IT, AND REMEMBER OUR FATHER... AND ME.
I DON'T THINK. SHE'S GOING TO TAKE TO PIG STICKING IN INDIA, FATHER.
HERE, ELIZABETH.
OH, NO... NO!

YOU'LL HAVE TO TRY TO BE STR... AGH... AGH!
OH, GOD, NO! HELP, PLEASE SOMEONE HELP HIM!
SORRY, MISS, YOUR BROTHER WAS A BRAVE YOUNG OFFICER.
HE WAS ALL THE FAMILY I HAD LEFT...
DON'T TOUCH HIM!
PLEASE, MISS FITZHUGH, WE NEED THE COT FOR THE WOUNDED.
THE GRAVE DIGGERS WILL LET YOU KNOW BEFORE WE BURY HIM.
OH, GOD... GOD... WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN US?
CRACK
OVER THERE!
CRACK!
STOP THEM! THEY'RE GOING FOR THE POWDER MAGAZINE!

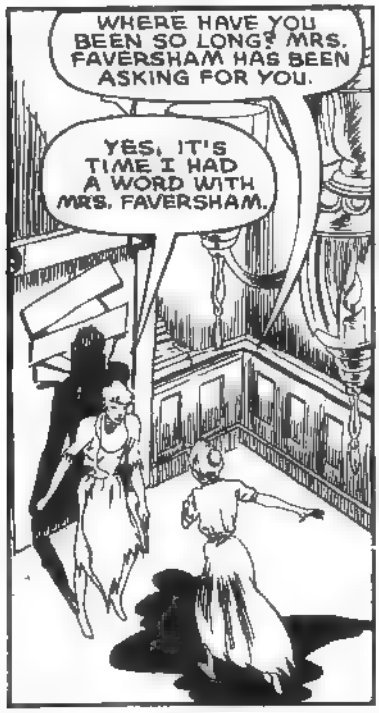
GET OUT OF THE WAY MISS!
CRACK
DEATH TO THE FIRINGHEES!
CLICK

FOXTAILS...
BLAM!

BLAM!
JUST FOXTAILS!

COME ALONG, MISS, BEFORE THE SNIPERS DRAW A BEAD ON US.

FOXTAILS...


WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN SO LONG? MRS. FAVERSHAM HAS BEEN ASKING FOR YOU.
YES, IT'S TIME I HAD A WORD WITH MRS. FAVERSHAM.

WHERE WERE YOU WHEN YOU WERE NEEDED? THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE.
YES, THERE IS, MRS. FAVERSHAM, AND I'LL THANK YOU TO KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD. MY BROTHER DIED TONIGHT AND I'M IN NO MOOD FOR YOUR BULLYING.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

I... I ONLY...
QUIET! WE'LL HAVE NO MORE ORDERS FROM YOU TONIGHT OR ANY OTHER NIGHT.
NOW, IT'S MY DUTY TO SAVE US FROM A "FATE WORSE THAN DEATH". SO, I WENT OUT AND GOT SOME PRACTICE--AND YOU KNOW WHAT?
SMACK!

IT'S EASY! I'LL TAKE YOU FIRST!
GO ON AND PRAY IF YOU LIKE. YOU REALLY BELIEVE IN SETTING A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR THE OTHERS DON'T YOU-- SO SET A GOOD EXAMPLE NOW!
JUST LET ME PRAY AND I'LL BE READY.
CLICK CLICK
"...AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL..."
WAIT!
OUR COURIER MADE IT THROUGH. HAVELOCK AND OUTRAM ARE MARCHING TO OUR RELIEF. IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF A FEW DAYS NOW.
VERY WELL, SERGEANT. I WILL SEE THAT THE LADIES DO THEIR PART TO PREPARE FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE RELIEF COLUMN. YOU MAY DEPEND ON ME.
THE SIEGE WASN'T OVER. THE RELIEF COLUMN WAS NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO HELP THE DEFENDERS BREAK OUT OF THE CANTONMENT. IT WOULD BE THE MIDDLE OF NOVEMBER BEFORE SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S RELIEF COLUMN WOULD ARRIVE TO RESCUE THE DEFENDERS OF THE LUCKNOW RESIDENCY.
IT LOOKS AS IF YOU'VE BROUGHT MRS. FAVERSHAM AROUND TO YOUR WAY OF THINKING, MISS FITZHUGH.
PERHAPS. BUT, THIS SIEGE ISN'T OVER YET. BY THE TIME IT IS, I INTEND TO HAVE HER WELL TRAINED.
FINI

LOOKS LIKE I WALK FROM HERE.
UH? PARTISANS!
BRRRRRRRRT!
BRRAMMMMM!
AHHHH!
BRRRAMMM!

THE WINTER OF 1945. CZECHOSLOVAKIA.
EVERYWHERE THE GERMAN ARMY IS IN RETREAT.
BUT STILL THE DAY-TO-DAY BUSINESS OF WAR GOES ON.
A MESSENGER CARRIES ORDERS BETWEEN TWO COMMAND POSTS.
N 47521
VERDAMMT!
for the Fatherland
STORY: CHARLES DIXON
ILLUSTRATIONS AND LETTERING: DICK AYERS

PARTISANS ARE EVERYWHERE!
VIP!
VIP!...
WHAP!
MAYBE THESE WILL BE ENOUGH TO DISCOURAGE THEM. THEY'LL GO AFTER EASIER PREY. THEN I CAN GO ON MY WAY...
"...TO TAKE THESE PAPERS TO DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS. IT'S IMPORTANT THAT THEY REACH THERE TOMORROW.
N4752
WHAT ARE THE PAPERS?
DAMNED IF I KNOW. SOME MANURE-FOR-BRAINS-GENERAL WITH JACKBOOTS UP TO HIS ASS HANDED IT TO ME AND RODE OFF TO THE REAR.
JUST DON'T COME BACK IF YOU LOSE THEM. HE SAID THEY WERE OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE...
"...TO THE GERMAN WAR EFFORT."
3

LOOKING FOR ME?

CAN'T LET THEM CATCH ME. CAN'T LET...

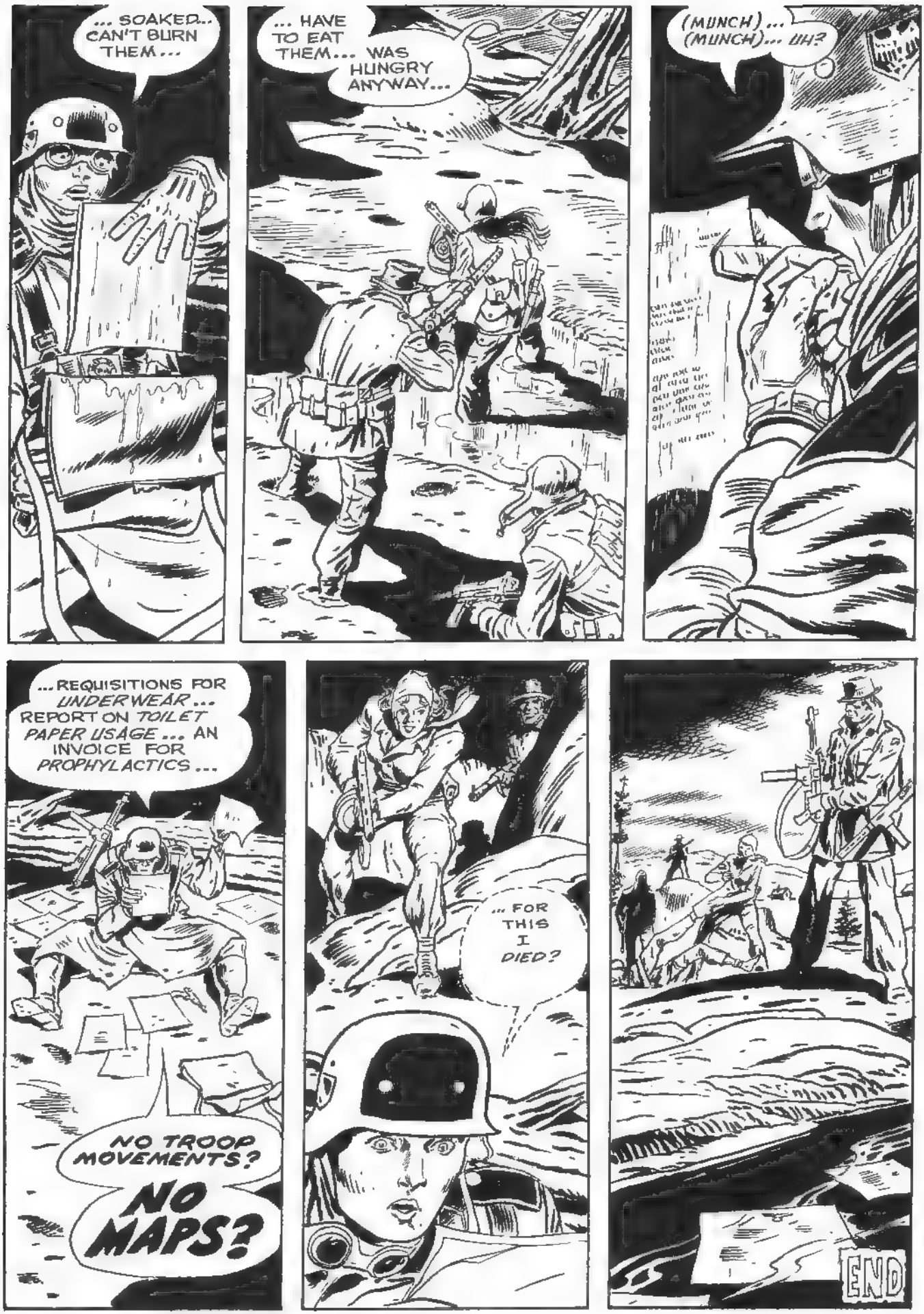
...THE PARTISANS CATCH YOU. THEY'LL TORTURE YOU TO DEATH. THEY'RE CRAZY!!

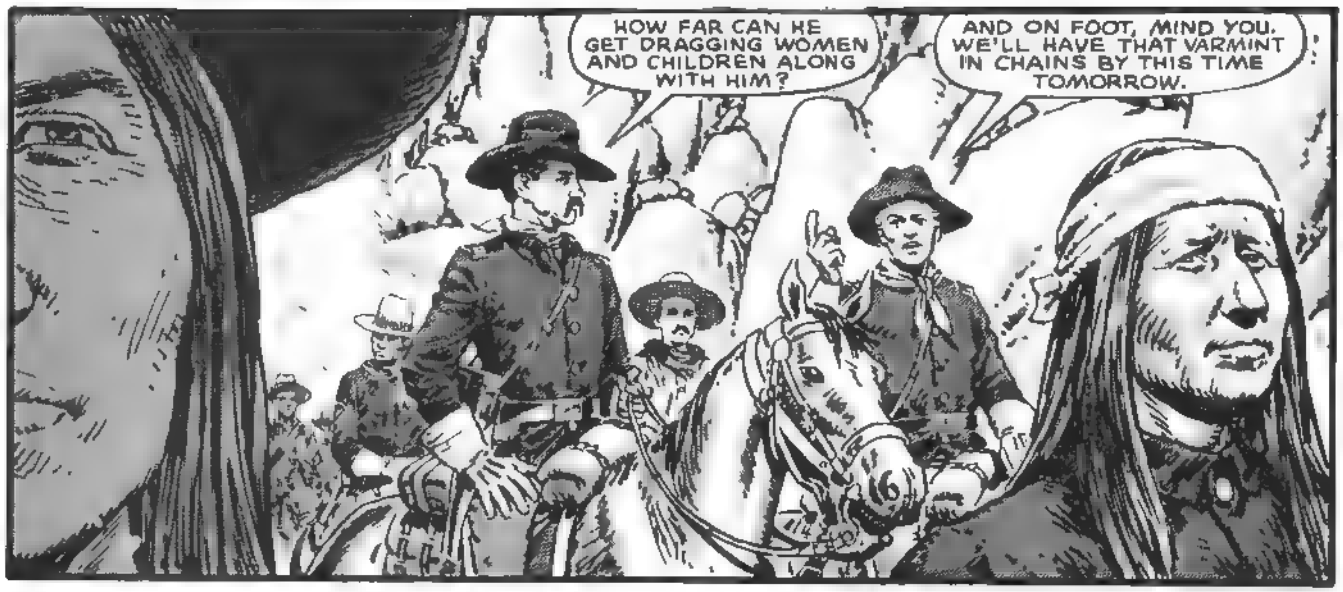
PARTISANS IN YUGOSLAVIA CAUGHT A YOUNG BERLINER FROM MY UNIT. WE FOUND HIM LATER ON STRUNG UPSIDE-DOWN FROM A TREE.
THEY'D SCALPED HIM AND CUT OFF HIS EYELIDS AND TONGUE AND LEFT HIM TO DIE.

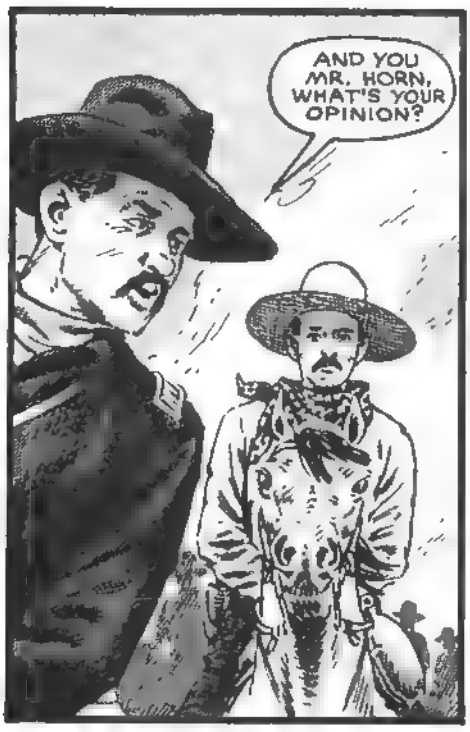
"HE DIDN'T LIVE LONG AFTER WE FOUND HIM. THANK HEAVEN!"
KRAK!
KRAK!
WHAP!
WHIP!
WHIP!

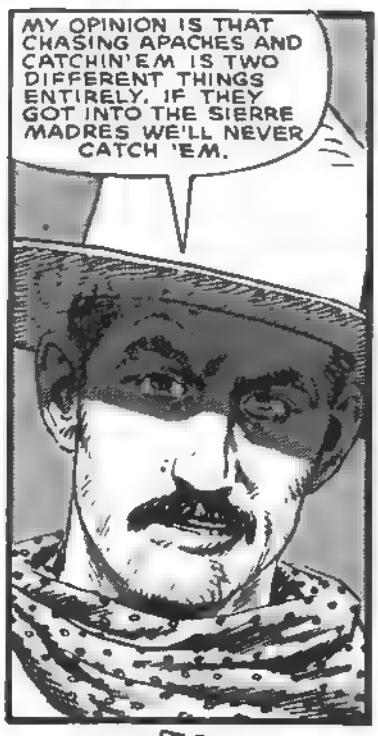
IF I CAN GET... TO MOVE ... COVER ...
BRRRRT!
BRRRRT!

VIIP-VIIP!
AGHK!
WHAP! WHAP!
UGH!
BRRRRRRT!
BRRRRRT!
BRRRRRT!
I'M NOT DEAD YET, YOU VERDAMMT AMATEURS!
...GOT TO FACE IT... MIGHT NOT MAKE IT OUT OF THIS ONE...
SHICK!
BLAM!
... MUST DESTROY THE PAPERS...
5

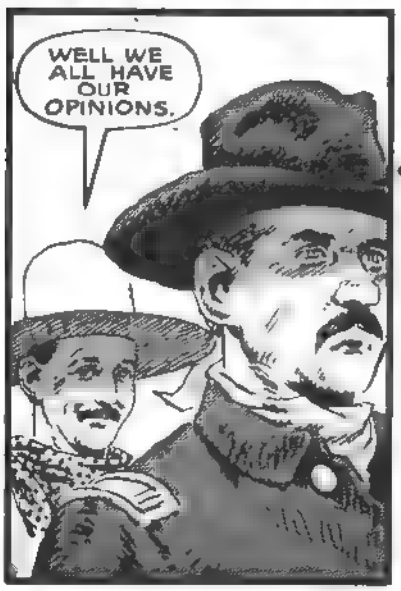

... SOAKED... CAN'T BURN THEM...
... HAVE TO EAT THEM... WAS HUNGRY ANYWAY...
(MUNCH)... (MUNCH)... UH?
...REQUISITIONS FOR UNDERWEAR... REPORT ON TOILET PAPER USAGE... AN INVOICE FOR PROPHYLACTICS...
NO TROOP MOVEMENTS?
NO MAPS?
... FOR THIS I DIED?
END


HOW FAR CAN HE GET DRAGGING WOMEN AND CHILDREN ALONG WITH HIM?
AND ON FOOT, MIND YOU. WE'LL HAVE THAT VARMINT IN CHAINS BY THIS TIME TOMORROW.

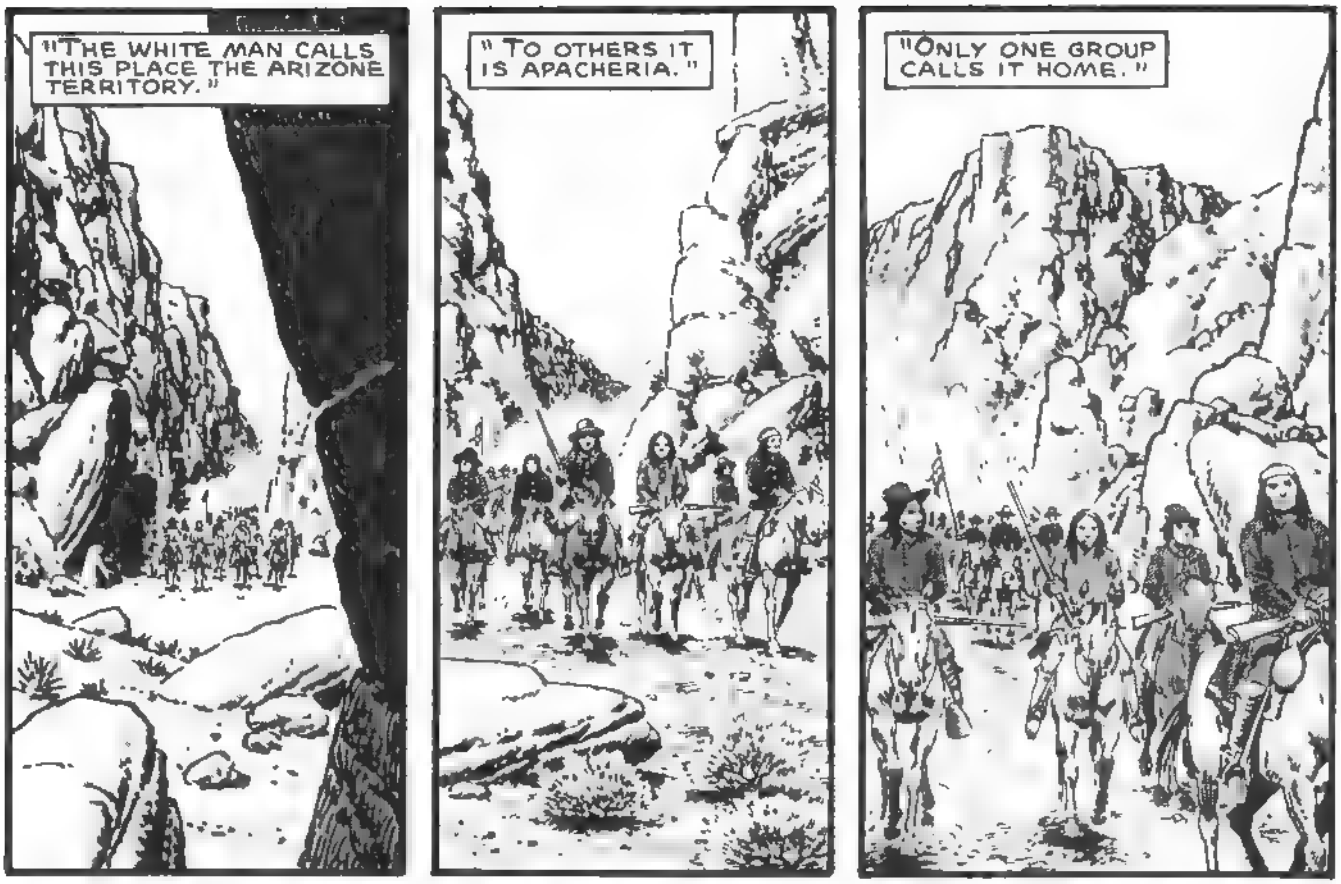

AND YOU MR. HORN, WHAT'S YOUR OPINION?

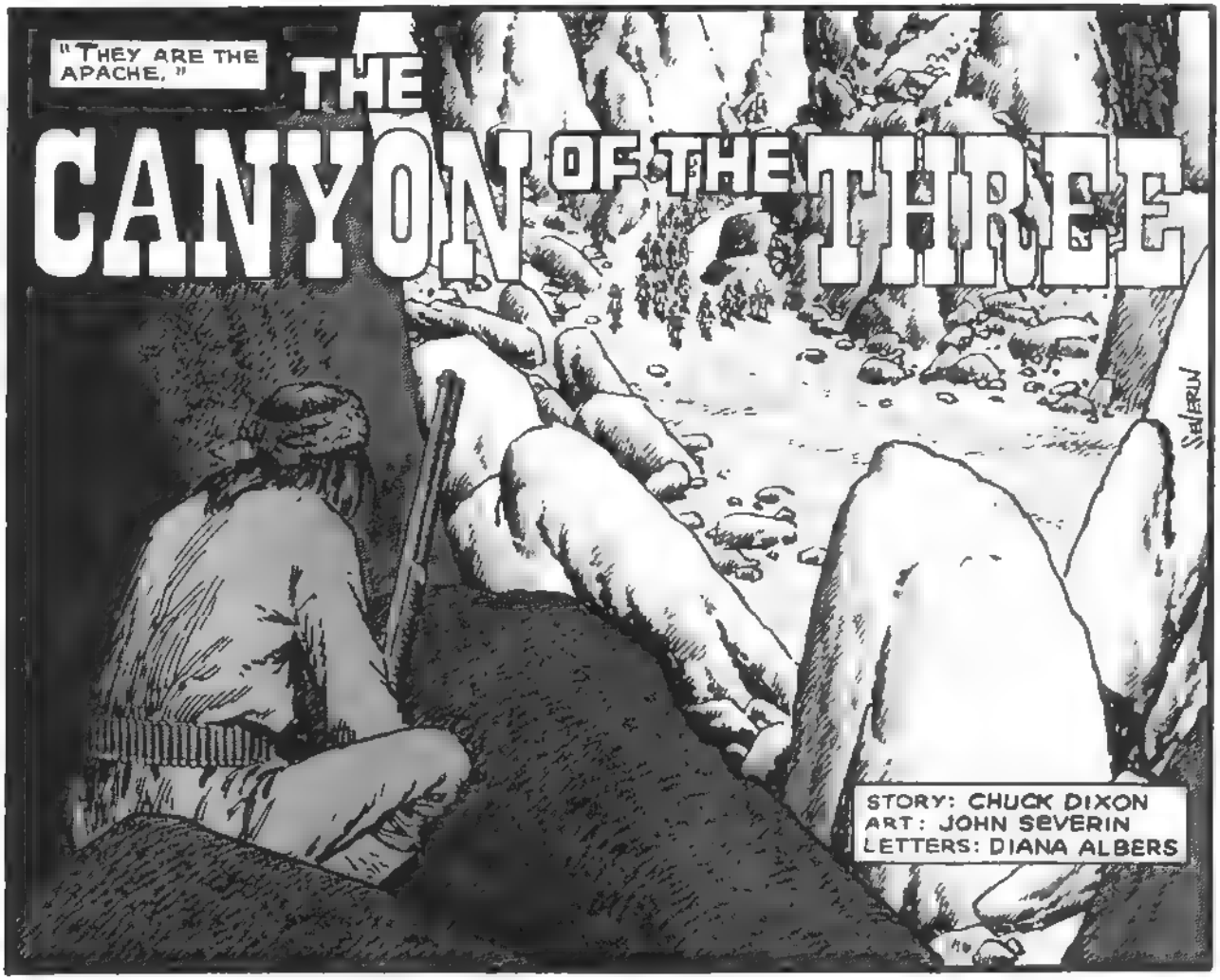

MY OPINION IS THAT CHASING APACHES AND CATCHIN'EM IS TWO DIFFERENT THINGS ENTIRELY. IF THEY GOT INTO THE SIERRE MADRES WE'LL NEVER CATCH 'EM.

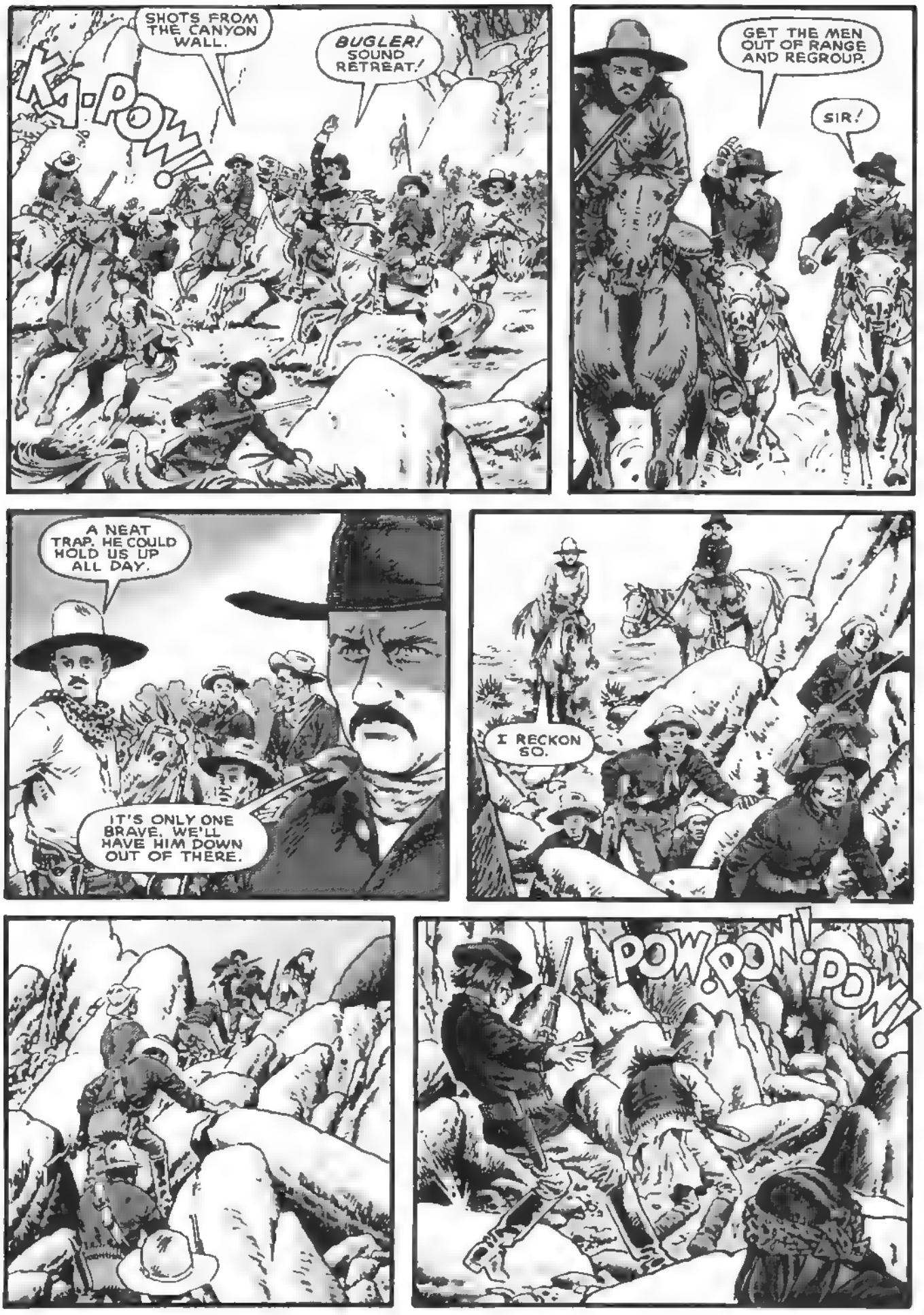
THE PROSPECT OF BAREFOOT SAVAGES WITH ONLY TWELVE HOURS HEADSTART CROSSING ONE HUNDRED MILES OF OPEN TERRITORY BEFORE MOUNTED TROOPS CAN CATCH THEM IS UNLIKELY.


WELL WE ALL HAVE OUR OPINIONS.

KA-POW!


"THE WHITE MAN CALLS THIS PLACE THE ARIZONE TERRITORY."
"TO OTHERS IT IS APACHERIA."
"ONLY ONE GROUP CALLS IT HOME."


"THEY ARE THE APACHE."
THE CANYON OF THE THREE
STORY: CHUCK DIXON
ART: JOHN SEVERIN
LETTERS: DIANA ALBERS


SHOTS FROM THE CANYON WALL.
KA-POW!
BUGLER! SOUND RETREAT!
GET THE MEN OUT OF RANGE AND REGROUP.
SIR!
A NEAT TRAP. HE COULD HOLD US UP ALL DAY.
IT'S ONLY ONE BRAVE. WE'LL HAVE HIM DOWN OUT OF THERE.
I RECKON SO.
POW. POW! POW!

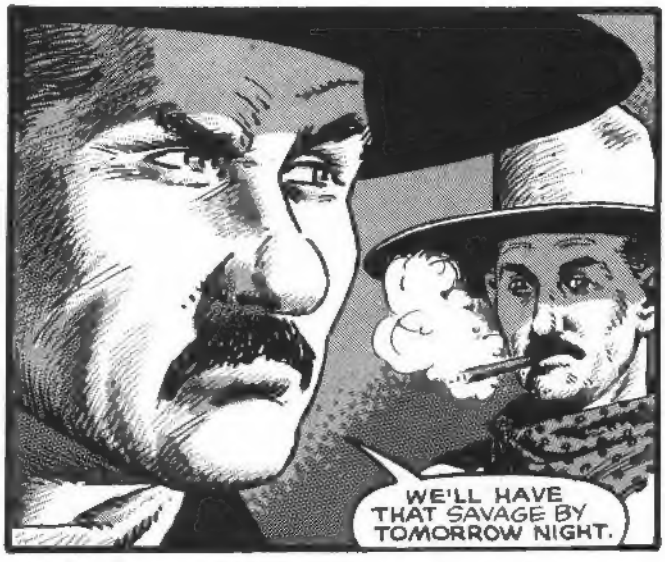
POW! POW!
LORD ALMIGHTY!
AY YI YI YI!
HE'S A MAD MAN!
POW!
POW!
BAM! BAM!
THEY GOT HIM!
HE'S JUST A KID.

WHAT'S HE DOIN'?
COLLECTING THE SCALP. BIG REWARD FOR APACHE SCALP.
KA-POW!
LAWD! WHERE'D THAT COME FROM?
SIR! ANOTHER SNIPER.
HOW MANY ARE THERE?
HAVE TO PULL BACK THOSE MEN AND CLIMB THE OTHER SIDE. SUN'S GOING DOWN IT GETS DARK REAL FAST IN THESE CANYONS.
HUH!
THERE'S THE SHOOTER NOW!
THAT 'PACHE IS A DEADMAN FOR SURE.

WHAT'S ONE OF THEM SCALPS WORTH?
DUNNO, THEY SELL 'EM IN MEXICO.
BL-BOOM!
BAM!
BAM!
ANOTHER ONE! SHOOT!
LORDY. AN OLD WOMAN.
PRETTY HANDY WITH THAT BELLY GUN.
WHAT'S YOUR ALL-FIRED HURRY? SHE AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE.
POW!
BAM!
BAM!
POW!
POW!

POW!
BAM!
BAM!
WE HOLED HIM GOOD.
BAM!
B-BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
B-BAM!
IT IS A GOOD DAY FOR DYING.
UNH!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

IT'S AN OLD MAN.
WELL COLONEL, LOOKS LIKE THEY UPSET YOUR PLANS A MIGHT AND BOUGHT THEIR AMIGOS ANOTHER NIGHT.


WE'LL HAVE THAT SAVAGE BY TOMORROW NIGHT.

OH NO SIR. HE'S HALFWAY TO MEXICO BY NOW. WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM IN THE MADRES. THERE'S ONLY TWO FOLKS CAN FIND THEIR WAY IN THEM MOUNTAINS...

THAT'S THE DEVIL AND THAT BLASTED GERONIMO.
THE END

ARMANDO